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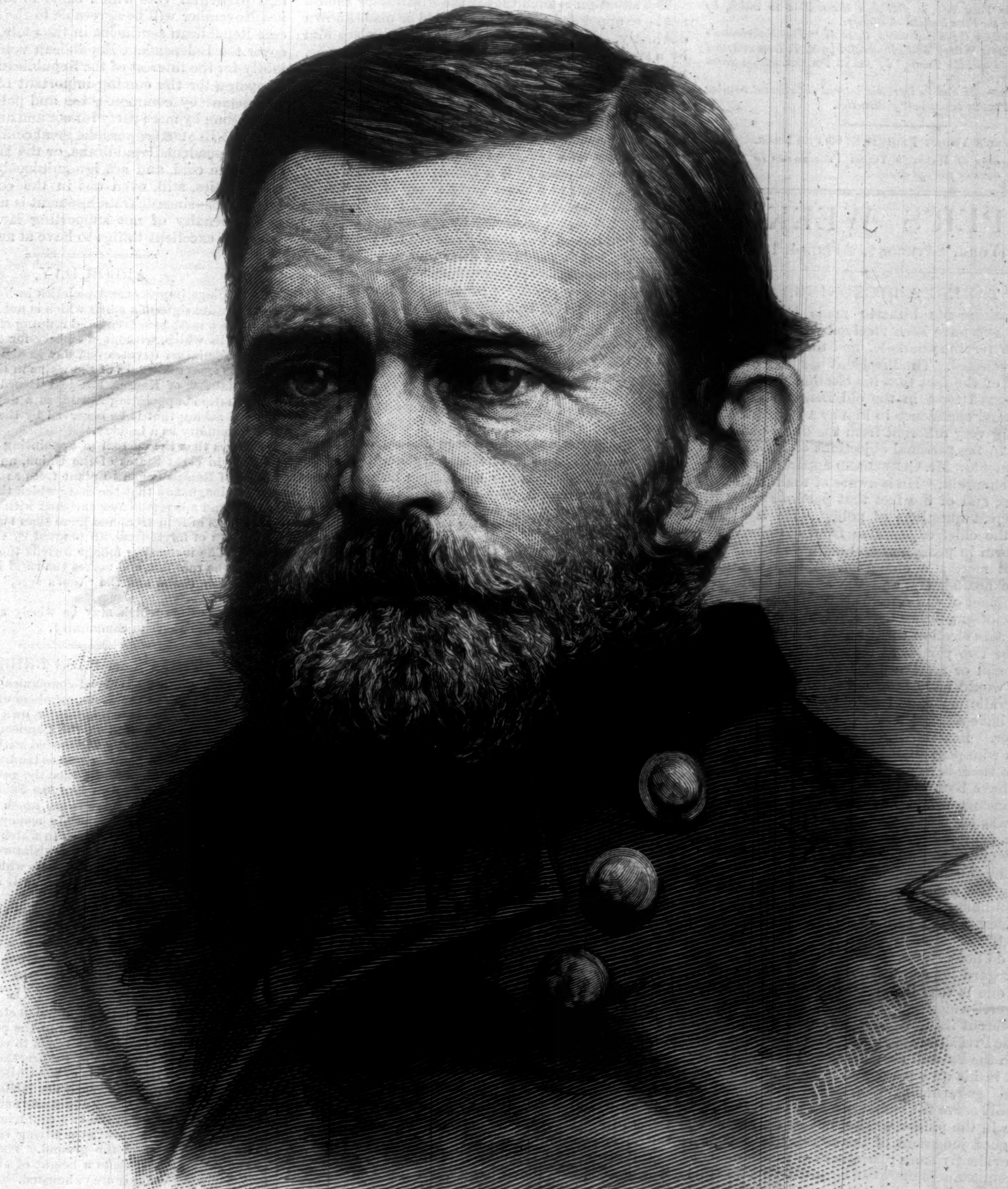

ULYSSES S. GRANT.—From a Photograph taken in 1865.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number issued March 31 has a special Easter character. The front-page illustration is a careful engraving of an exquisite drawing by MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *entitled,*

"HAIL! THIS HAPPY EASTER DAWN!"

MR. FRANK BELLEW *contributes an interesting article on the subject of "Eggs and Easter," with an illustration.* MRS. SANGSTER *has a charming poem on the Easter idea.*

The same writer also contributes an article on a charity which should have a special interest for young readers, namely, "Bethlehem Day Nursery," New York city, a full-page illustration to which, by WELDON, *shows the little inmates at dinner.*

In fiction, besides the serial story, there is "The Switchman's Box," by MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *illustrated by* R. F. ZOGBAUM, *and "Mr. Thompson and the Turtle," by* ALLAN FORMAN, *with a drawing by* W. H. HYDE.

Both in appearance and in intrinsic interest the current number of the YOUNG PEOPLE *is unusually attractive.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1885.

TAKING A RECKONING.

THE appointments hitherto made by President CLEVELAND have been received with general approval both for the character and the fitness of the gentlemen selected. The President has been evidently mindful of the fact that his election was not due to any renewed trust in the old Democratic party, but to personal confidence in him as a representative of something very different from the old Democratic party, and to the personal objections of Republicans to his opponent. Mr. CLEVELAND apparently understands the situation. He is aware of the lull in general politics, and of the fact that parties are not divided by great questions of policy. He is aware, also, that the chief expectation from his election is that of reform in principles and methods of administration, not merely a change from Republican to Democratic ascendency, and the appointments and general conduct of the Administration thus far show the purpose of gratifying that expectation.

Had the late election turned upon a simple contest between the two parties as representative of certain great financial or foreign policies of administration, the result would have been a vote of confidence in the Democratic party, and its old and familiar leaders would have naturally and properly taken all the chief places. But the truth is that it was the old Democrats who perpetuated the distrust of the party. Had one of them been nominated for the Presidency, he would have been defeated, because the Independent Republicans would have named a third candidate. It was because the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND was achieved despite the Bourbon influence that it became significant of a new spirit, and enlisted the Independent support. That spirit has been attested by the general dismay and disappointment of the "pot-house politicians," the Falstaff troops, as JOHN QUINCY ADAMS called them, who "follow for the reward."

Yet we do not suppose that the President or his advisers disregard the conditions of party government, of which one is that it is a worthy ambition which aims by worthy methods at conspicuous public office, a very different thing from grasping at the spoils of place. The President apparently does not doubt that, apart from the Falstaff soldiers, there is a very strong sentiment in his own party and beyond it which desires honest government upon sound principles, and which would serve the party, not by a thorough party change in the public service, but by commending it to the good judgment of the country by a course which is evidently more patriotic than partisan. Under the circumstances there can be no question that this is true statesmanship and shrewd party policy. Every good appointment that is made, every evidence of regard for sound principles of administration which is given to the country, shows that Democratic success is not that unmitigated and unspeakable catastrophe which was predicted by heated campaign orators, and is thus of the greatest service as proving that popular institutions and government by party have not yet failed, as they certainly would have failed if the success of one of the two great parties were indeed a mortal peril to the country. If, however, the reform and progressive spirit of the Administration, as generally evinced in its course thus far, should not be approved by the Democratic party, so much the worse for the Democratic party, which by its disapproval will have completely justified the distrust which so long excluded it from power.

POSTMASTER PEARSON.

THE fact that the commission of Mr. PEARSON, the Postmaster of New York, has been allowed to expire without a re-appointment or the nomination of a successor seems to show that there is doubt of his re-appointment. The practically universal desire and expectation that he would be re-appointed is known to the President, and as he knows also that the case is anxiously watched as a test case of the probable course to be taken in the case of non-political officers who are conspicuously fit for their duties, and who have not politically or otherwise misused their offices, the delay must be ascribed to a serious doubt of the propriety or expediency of the re-appointment for reasons which are not publicly known, or whose significance is estimated by the President differently from the general judgment.

The situation is such that if the Postmaster should not be re-appointed, the reasons should be made known distinctly. Under the circumstances, to replace him by a successor, however excellent a man he may be, without explanation, would be a great injustice to the President himself, to the Postmaster, and to the reform sentiment of the country. It would plainly, yet possibly incorrectly, imply that every signally efficient officer who is not politically or otherwise obnoxious by misuse of his office is to be replaced by a Democrat because he is a Democrat. This would, of course, result in a clean party sweep of the service during the present administration, with the exception of the 14,500 places protected by the reform law. It would not, indeed, technically remove the present incumbents, but it would fill their places with Democrats because they were Democrats. The rule would prevail at every point not protected by the law, and the result would be that, with these points excepted, the whole service, superior and subordinate, would be filled, not because of fitness, but of political opinion and party sympathy. But this is the very evil that the reform would correct.

If, however, this is not to be the rule of the Administration, and Mr. PEARSON is to be displaced because of some legitimate reason connected with the discharge of his duty, the reason should be frankly stated, both because no such reason is generally known or suspected, and because the simple assertion that there is such a reason, without stating it, will be universally regarded as a mere excuse for turning out a Republican to give a Democrat his place. If the reason when stated should be such as to justify a change, nothing more would be said. If, however, it should appear to be inadequate, whether it would be regarded as a mere subterfuge to be denounced or as an honest view of a point upon which difference of opinion is permissible would depend entirely upon the critic's feeling in regard to the sincerity and candor of the President.

THE SITUATION IN NEW YORK.

THE Republicans have a decided majority in the Assembly of New York. But when a proposition was recently introduced to require the Sheriff of King's County to keep an account of the receipts and expenditures of his office, in order to bring under some intelligible control the use that is made of the notoriously large receipts of the office, Republicans enough were found to vote with the Democrats and to dodge, so that with such Republican assistance the bill was defeated. This action was taken under the influence of the men who control the Republican organization in the city of New York, and who exclude some of the best Republicans from the primary meetings of the party. The election of this year in New York will be one of the most important State elections ever held, because all the State officers are to be chosen. The Legislature is Republican in both branches, and the Republican party was defeated at the late general election. Under these circumstances, and in view of the nature of the Republican secession, it would have been good party policy for the majority of the Legislature to use its power for beneficent legislation of any kind, and emphatically against such schemes as those of the jobbers who opposed the bill regulating the Sheriff's accounts.

But after about three months of the session, which will not last very much longer, it can not be said that the course of the Republican Legislature has greatly aided the Republican party. It is not enough to reply that it has shown a better disposition than the Democratic party, because experience has proved that the mere bugaboo argument is not powerful enough to induce all Republicans to vote only for a party name. We ask intelligent Republicans in New York everywhere whether the history of the last six years does not show that even the great Republican traditions and services, and the glorious results of the war, and the generally intelligent and progressive spirit of Republicans, are not powerful enough to persuade a decisive body of Republicans to vote for any candidate merely because he has the form of a regular Republican nomination, but, on the contrary, induce them, because of those traditions and principles and early spirit of the party, effectively to oppose nominations which seem to them unworthy to be supported?

It is not a practical reply of sensible men to say that such voters are fools and renegades and traitors, and not Republicans. Let all that, and everything of the kind, be granted. But if their votes are indispensable to Republican success, are hysterics of that kind of any use, and consequently are they worthy of practical politicians? Sensible politicians, even of the professional kind, know very well that, except for the large Irish Catholic vote which the Republican candidate received in New York, he would have been overwhelmed in the State. They know also two other things: that, large as that vote was, it was not large enough to overcome the Independent Republican vote, and that, the object of its diversion from the Democratic party having failed, it can not all be held at the State election, even by the passage of the GIBBS bill, or by any other obvious device. Such intelligent politicians know also that no "monkeying" with that particular vote which came to the Republicans last November will be agreeable to the sober and sincere Republican sentiment in the State, or tend to recover the Independent Republican voters. It is certainly for the interest of the Republican party that its campaign for the coming important election should be directed by common-sense and political sagacity rather than by mere party rancor and disappointment. If, as the BLAINE organs take great comfort in saying, the Independent Republicans, or the Mugwumps, are out in the cold, and are ignominiously disowned by both parties, still, even out in the cold, they have their votes—since disfranchisement is not yet imposed as the penalty of not supporting Mr. BLAINE—and votes are excellent things to have at an election.

ARBOR DAY.

THE village improvement societies in New England and elsewhere are signs of a spirit which is not local, and which will have a most beneficent and refining effect. There are villages in which, without a society for the purpose, the whole population devotes one day in the spring to trimming the trees and edges of the walks in the street. Governor MARTIN, of Kansas, has just issued an "Arbor-day Proclamation" appointing April 2 as a day for tree-planting, and asking that it be observed by the schools and by the community as a holiday.

He says that the custom of appointing such a day now prevails in eight States of the Union, and adds that the people of Kansas began to plant trees as soon as they began to plough, and that the State which the pioneers found treeless and a desert is now enriched with more than twenty millions of fruit trees and more than two hundred thousand acres of forest trees, all planted by the people of the State. The increasing foliage softens the climate and increases the rain-fall, and makes the rural home, the church and school-ground and the "God's acre," constantly more beautiful.

It is a custom which may be wisely adopted in every country and suburban community.

THE FREE PASS BRIBERY.

A BILL prohibiting railroad companies from issuing free passes to officers of the State, members of the Legislature, and all other persons except their own officers and employés has been defeated in the Connecticut Legislature. Senator HAWLEY recently denounced with indignation the habit of depreciating public men as tending to discredit the national character and to disgrace the government.

But while there are men like the Senator who dignify and adorn public life, there is too much of such free and easy official waste of the public money as Senator VAN WYCK pointed out in the speech to which Senator HAWLEY replied, and the acceptance by legislators of money in the shape of free passes from companies which constantly desire legislation is an indecorum when it is not, even if unintentionally, taking a bribe.

The *Evening Post* very well suggests that the names of legislators who, by opposing the bill, vote themselves this kind of subsidy should be published as a memento for their constituents when they ask a re-election.

THE PEDESTAL.

THE committee upon the BARTHOLDI statue pedestal have made a strong and final appeal to the people of the State and city of New York for the funds to complete the work. The people of the republic of France, they say, have given to the people of the republic of the United States a mighty memorial statue. The French committee, composed of illustrious Frenchmen, many of historic names identified with the friendly alliance of the two countries, have designated the harbor of New York as a fitting site for the statue. Congress has allotted the ground. The pedestal, worthy of the statue, has risen to a height of eighty feet, and the means of completing it are exhausted.

Of the whole sum expended—$182,000—more than ninety per cent. has been subscribed by citizens of New York and its neighborhood, and to them alone can the committee look for the means to finish the work. The statue has been formally accepted by the Minister of the United States in France, and it will be shipped to America in a French national ship early in May. The committee say, only too truly, "If the money is not now forth-coming, the statue must return to its donors, to the everlasting disgrace of the American people, or it must go to some other city, to the everlasting dishonor of New York."

The appeal could not be more cogent. It is undeniable that the return of the statue for such a reason would not only leave us in a very extraordinary position, but it would cover with ridicule all American protestations of regard and gratitude for French aid in the Revolution. It is a matter of sentiment, undoubtedly, but what else is patriotism, or love, or piety? The committee evidently can do no more.

LESSONS OF THE ELECTION OF 1884.

That the Presidential election of 1884 will prove most important in its results no one can doubt. But time alone can reveal them clearly. Mr. Henry Watterson, a Democratic editor from Kentucky, in the January number of the *North American Review*, in an article entitled "The Reunited Union," sees nothing but good in the event of the election, and closes his article with the words, "The Union is itself again." In the March number of the same review, Mr. Murat Halstead, a Republican editor from Ohio, appears with an article called "The Revival of Sectionalism," and announces that "the Union has not been reunited," but that "sectionalism in its worst form has been revived." Perhaps neither of these more or less "esteemed contemporaries" is exactly right. The Union was tolerably well "reunited" before the election of 1884; and precisely how the election of Mr. Cleveland was a "revival of sectionalism" is not apparent to the ordinary observer not possessed of that mysterious gift of penetration into the future which seems to have been exclusively bestowed on the partisan Republican editor.

There are, however, a few very obvious lessons taught by the election of 1884—obvious, but still liable to be overlooked. The first and perhaps the most important is that party discipline can no longer be relied on to carry a Presidential election. Men have ceased to regard the support of party nominations as a sacred duty. They refuse blindly to obey the dictates of party conventions. They will even vote for the candidate of the party to which they have always been opposed if they believe that the good of the country will be thus promoted. In the last election men of this mind were numerous enough to turn the scale and give the election to Mr. Cleveland, who would have been defeated but for the votes of those who believed they could best serve their country by voting against their party.

Of course these voters have been denounced in unmeasured terms by the disappointed politicians who suffered defeat. The "thick-and-thin" Republicans may be divided into two classes—(1) those who make or expect to make a living by politics; this class includes not only a great army of office-holders and office-seekers, but party editors whose bread and butter depends upon party patronage, and "heelers," who distribute and to a greater or less extent share in the corruption fund used to disseminate sound political doctrine, mainly in the form of a convenient and convertible paper currency; and (2) those who honestly believe that no good government can be administered except by the Republican party.

With the first class it would be idle to argue. They are mostly "unclean birds." They are "true to the flag" of party, simply because it "pays." They are of the class described by Lord Bacon as

> "the corrupter sort of mere politicians that have not their thoughts established by learning in the love and apprehension of duty, nor ever look abroad into universality, but refer all things to themselves, and thrust themselves into the centre of the world as if all lines should meet in them and their fortunes; never caring in all tempests what becomes of the ship of state, so they may save themselves in the cock-boat of their own fortunes."—*De Augmentis, Book* 1.

These creatures denounce independents for the same reason that the silversmiths of Ephesus denounced St. Paul: "This our craft is in danger to be set at naught."

To the second class—the sincere believers in the doctrine that Republican supremacy is absolutely necessary to the welfare, if not to the existence of the country—a few considerations are suggested. And just here it may be excusable to refer these honest partisans to a document which it was once thought the duty of every citizen to ponder, digest, and heed, but which in these latter days is, it is feared, but little read. The Father of his Country, in his farewell address to the people whom he loved and by whom he was so highly honored, warned them solemnly against the evils of party spirit. He says:

> "Let me warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally....The common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it. It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another; foments occasionally riot and insurrection. ....In governments purely elective it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose, and there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it."

These words of wisdom are as true now as they were in 1796. That party spirit which can see no good whatever in a party comprising nearly or quite one-half of the voting population of the whole country needs to be "mitigated and assuaged."

What are the evils anticipated by disappointed Republicans from the defeat of Mr. Blaine?

That most frequently dwelt upon is apprehended from what is characterized as the "solid South." Mr. Blaine started this idea in his Augusta speech, which can only be excused on the ground that it was delivered while he was laboring under the first disappointment of unexpected defeat. It has been taken up by many of the more unscrupulous Republican editors throughout the country. Mr. Halstead with loud and lurid eloquence displays it in the pages of the *North American Review*. Even Mr. Evarts, who owes his election as Senator partly to his great reputation as a lawyer and statesman, and partly to the fact that he was supposed not to be a "hide-bound" politician, in his public utterances has sometimes joined in this cry of apprehension of the "solid South."

And still this apprehension is utterly baseless and senseless. It comes with ill grace from the party that reconstructed the States formerly in rebellion. Two courses were open in regard to the rebellious States when the war was ended. They could be kept in subjection as conquered territory, or they could be restored to the Union as equal and sovereign States. The Republican party, controlling the government, wisely and patriotically chose the latter alternative. At the same time it conferred the right of suffrage on the enfranchised race dwelling therein. This was done with many misgivings on the part of many earnest Republicans who were also friends of the freedmen. They apprehended that this ignorant mass of men, accustomed to slavery and subordination, if enfranchised, would naturally and almost inevitably eventually come under the influence of their former masters and their descendants; that the stronger, more intelligent and energetic race would by fair means or foul manage to control the less intelligent and weaker race even in those States where the latter were the more numerous. This apprehension has proved well founded. Large numbers of the colored men of the South in fact vote the Democratic ticket.

Their numbers have increased the proportional strength in Congress and in the Electoral College of the Southern States. But how can this be helped? If the Federal government can prevent it, why has not the Republican party, which has been in power all the while, done so? The truth is, it could not have been and can not be prevented. The race which is stronger intellectually and physically will always exercise more or less control over the weaker, and to do this neither violence nor threats of violence are necessary. In fact, there is no evidence that the election in the South was not just as fair and free as in the North. Mr. Halstead, in his article referred to, with most charming inconsistency, while charging the South with "disregarding the political rights and personal wishes of the colored citizens,"...."in violation of the treaty obligation that closed the war," and saying, "that the emancipated slaves are enfranchised only so far as the whites please to permit," gives tables to show that the Republican party is gaining in the South; that Tennessee has already, by electing Republican railroad commissioners, to some extent "broken the crust of the solid South," and is likely soon to be a Republican State, and that other Southern States will soon follow her example.

The cry of the "solid South" is simply a "scare." It has no more existence as a real danger to the country than the once famous Cock Lane Ghost. The Southern States have precisely the same rights as any other portion of the Union of equal population; no more and no less. If there was any "treaty obligation" at the close of the war, as Mr. Halstead seems to suppose, that they were to support the Republican ticket, it has not been revealed to any but the Republican partisan editors. Mr. Blaine in his letter of acceptance correctly states the attitude of the South as follows: "Prejudices have yielded and are yielding, while a growing cordiality warms the Southern and the Northern heart alike. Can any one doubt that between the sections confidence and esteem are to-day more marked than at any period in the sixty years preceding the election of President Lincoln?....The South needs capital and occupation, not controversy....Some of the Southern States have already entered upon a career of industrial development and prosperity." Since these words were written (July 15, 1884) nothing has occurred to change the feeling between the North and South, unless it be the fact that the Southern States have voted for Mr. Cleveland instead of Mr. Blaine, with New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Indiana, instead of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Ohio.

A glance at the figures will show how senseless is the pretense that the solid South is now coming to control the country. Mr. Cleveland's entire vote was 4,874,118; of these he received from the old Slave States 1,718,301, or only a little over one-third of his whole vote. The whole vote cast for both Cleveland and Blaine in the old slave-holding States was 2,980,353; of these Mr. Blaine had 1,262,052, or about 42¼ per cent. The entire vote cast for both Cleveland and Blaine in the old non-slave-holding States was 6,743,625; of these Mr. Cleveland had 3,155,817, or about 46¾ per cent.

Nearly two-thirds of the votes by which Cleveland and Hendricks were elected were cast in States which were never in rebellion, and were non-slave-holding States; and they received nearly one-half of all the votes cast in these States, not taking into account those given for Butler and St. John. And in the South (*i. e.*, in the former slave-holding States), "solid" as it is called, Cleveland and Hendricks had only a little over fifty-seven per cent. of the entire popular vote cast. Away, then, with this silly talk about the "revival of sectionalism" by Mr. Cleveland's election! The only attempt at such "revival" has been by Mr. Blaine and the more foolishly zealous of his followers since electi[illegible] But though they can, like Owen Glendower, "call spirits from the vasty deep," the spirits will not come. They are too deeply buried. Sectionalism will not be revived.

Still it must be confessed, as stated in the opening of this article, that time alone can tell what the ultimate results of this election will be. If the new Administration shall carry out the principles avowed by Mr. Cleveland, and which have governed his administration as Governor of the State of New York; if his advisers shall prove to be men who sympathize with his views upon administrative reform, and have the courage, firmness, and capacity requisite to put them in practice; if he and they shall appreciate and act upon the acknowledged fact that they have been put in power, not by any party, but by the people of the whole country, and that the government is to be administered in the interest of the whole country—the results of the election will prove to be good, and good only. The change in the *personnel* of the government will be of great advantage; in the investigation of past frauds and delinquencies there will be no disposition to cover up or palliate, and no motive to condemn unjustly.

The Independent Republicans, whom Mr. Halstead calls "fantastic men," and whose example, he says, none but "cranks" will hereafter follow, desire him and others like him to give themselves no uneasiness on account of the independent voters. They are not men who get their living by politics. They have no "craft" which is in danger. They are prepared, in the exercise of their rights as freemen, to take independent action whenever and wherever it may seem necessary. They do not expect partisan editors, actual or expectant feeders at the political cribs, or bigoted party adherents of any description, to follow their example. An old philosopher says that there are three ranks among men: some who know good, and are willing to teach others—these, he said, are like gods among men; others who, though they know not much, yet are willing to learn—these, he said, are like men among beasts; and some who know not good, and yet despise such as would teach them—these he esteemed as beasts among men. No accessions to the independent forces are expected from the third rank, comprising as it does many whose livelihood depends on the strict preservation of party discipline, and the permanence of the spoils system. Political reform is to them an unmixed evil. Therefore these unfortunates refuse to believe in its existence, and are blind to its progress.

Infelix qui pauca sapit, speruit-que doceri.

Subserviency to party will never save the country. The hope of Democratic continuance in power lies in a wise, honest, conservative administration of the government. The hope of Republican restoration to power lies in the future nomination of candidates whose public and private record will be a guarantee that their election will not retard the cause of good government. The hope of the country lies in the determination of its voting population to support only those candidates, by whatever party nominated, whose election promises most surely to secure honest and efficient administration of the offices, in the interest of the whole people.

Matthew Hale.

PERSONAL.

The widow of General Custer has given to the world in her new book, *Boots and Saddle*, an exemplification of the most fascinating and ideal of biographic methods, and the impression made by reading its pages is for the friends of that gallant soldier—the most gallant type of the American cavalryman yet produced—similar to that of remembered talks with him by the bivouac fire. Mrs. Custer has laid those friends under a sense of personal obligation, and during her contemplated trip across the plains to Oregon she will not pass a single hamlet or encampment where the praise of Custer will not greet her ears.

—Captain C. G. Lundborg, whose disquisition on the science of yacht-building has just been published by the American Yacht Club, was formerly an officer in the United States navy. Many years ago he resigned his commission in order to give his time and fortune to the systematic study of that science, and the result is now visible in a model of a yacht which illustrates some of the profoundest and most original nautical principles.

—Notwithstanding his physical weakness, General Grant has insisted upon giving to the jury now investigating the transactions of the late firm of Grant & Ward a full exposition of his own relation to the disastrous failure which involved himself and his sons in financial ruin, being determined not to leave this world until he has demonstrated the generally accepted fact that his own honor is unsullied.

—Mr. Will Carleton has been chosen orator by the literary societies of Lewisburg (Pennsylvania) University for their annual meeting in June next, and has accepted the position. His subject will be "The Student Guild."

—Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave is to edit Tennyson's poems with brief notes, whose principal object is "to assign to the poems their original motive, which was in many cases a suggestion from various friends of the poet."

—Mr. E. P. Roe, the novelist, who recently got into monetary difficulties by indorsing notes for his brother, expresses a resolution not to avail himself of the provisions of any bankrupt act, but to set to work to earn the money in question, until the last dollar for which his signature made him responsible has been paid.

—The methods of musical critics in Paris, as represented by their course toward Miss Van Zandt, are as follows: For some reason or other—various stories are told—that accomplished singer fell under their displeasure. They thereupon charged her in the public press with being intoxicated on the stage. She left Paris, and fulfilled brilliantly an engagement in Russia. On her return they organized a clique to hiss her, and have been persecuting her ever since. Let Miss Van Zandt, who is an American, come home. She will be judged here by her art.

—Count Magri, the dwarf, who is soon to marry General Tom Thumb's widow, was dining in a restaurant, when a newspaper man informed him that his *fiancée* had spoken of him most complimentarily in a printed interview—had, in fact, said that she was madly in love with him, and other words of similarly burning import. The count hung his head, blushed deeply, asked for her exact language, and took out a lead-pencil and wrote it down in midget letters on the bill of fare, in order, as he said, to show it to her, and see if she really did feel so. Three days afterward he was found again. "I read that to her," he observed, sadly, "and she said she never said anything of the kind."

—In a reply to an invitation to a dinner from a hundred or more distinguished citizens of this country and Canada, at the close of his engagement in this city, Mr. Henry Irving says: "Such a distinction, offered by so remarkable a body of American citizens, far exceeds my deserts. This proof of good-will must always be most precious, and my only regret—my deep regret—is that I can not at some time return to your stage."

—The late Mrs. Barrett Browning, who in her poems made the world the confidant of her love for her son, would have been proud to have foreseen that on his thirty-sixth birthday he had become a painter and sculptor of such importance as to justify "a few of those members of the Browning Society who venerate the memory of his mother" in formally presenting to him a set of her works in the different English, American, and German editions, bound in maroon morocco, stamped with his arms, and inclosed in a carved oak case.

—Professor James A. Harrison, of the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, has recently contributed to *Anglia* (the well-known German *Zeitschrift für Englische Philologie*) an elaborate paper on the "Negro English" of the Southern States. This is the first attempt made by any scholar to treat the subject systematically, and it is astonishing to find how interesting it becomes in the hands of a trained philologian. After a brief outline of some of the salient features in negro character which have exerted the most powerful influence in shaping their dialectical peculiarities, Professor Harrison presents an extended scientific register of the varied phenomena of "Negro Phonetics," and follows this up with a skeleton grammar of negro language as it exists to-day south of the Potomac. To this is finally appended "Specimen Negroisms," which occupy eighteen closely printed crown octavo pages, forming a most interesting and diverting collection, which ought to be simply invaluable to novelists undertaking to portray the humors of negro character. The paper is altogether very good reading, and could only have been written by a trained scholar whose whole life has been spent in the old Slave States.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number issued March 31 *has a special Easter character. The front-page illustration is a careful engraving of an exquisite drawing by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *entitled,*

"HAIL! THIS HAPPY EASTER DAWN!"

MR. FRANK BELLEW *contributes an interesting article on the subject of "Eggs and Easter," with an illustration.* MRS. SANGSTER *has a charming poem on the Easter idea.*

The same writer also contributes an article on a charity which should have a special interest for young readers, namely, "Bethlehem Day Nursery," New York city, a full-page illustration to which, by WELDON, *shows the little inmates at dinner.*

In fiction, besides the serial story, there is "The Switchman's Box," by MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *illustrated by* R. F. ZOGBAUM, *and "Mr. Thompson and the Turtle," by* ALLAN FORMAN, *with a drawing by* W. H. HYDE.

Both in appearance and in intrinsic interest the current number of the YOUNG PEOPLE *is unusually attractive.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1885.

TAKING A RECKONING.

THE appointments hitherto made by President CLEVELAND have been received with general approval both for the character and the fitness of the gentlemen selected. The President has been evidently mindful of the fact that his election was not due to any renewed trust in the old Democratic party, but to personal confidence in him as a representative of something very different from the old Democratic party, and to the personal objections of Republicans to his opponent. Mr. CLEVELAND apparently understands the situation. He is aware of the lull in general politics, and of the fact that parties are not divided by great questions of policy. He is aware, also, that the chief expectation from his election is that of reform in principles and methods of administration, not merely a change from Republican to Democratic ascendency, and the appointments and general conduct of the Administration thus far show the purpose of gratifying that expectation.

Had the late election turned upon a simple contest between the two parties as representative of certain great financial or foreign policies of administration, the result would have been a vote of confidence in the Democratic party, and its old and familiar leaders would have naturally and properly taken all the chief places. But the truth is that it was the old Democrats who perpetuated the distrust of the party. Had one of them been nominated for the Presidency, he would have been defeated, because the Independent Republicans would have named a third candidate. It was because the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND was achieved despite the Bourbon influence that it became significant of a new spirit, and enlisted the Independent support. That spirit has been attested by the general dismay and disappointment of the "pot-house politicians," the Falstaff troops, as JOHN QUINCY ADAMS called them, who "follow for the reward."

Yet we do not suppose that the President or his advisers disregard the conditions of party government, of which one is that it is a worthy ambition which aims by worthy methods at conspicuous public office, a very different thing from grasping at the spoils of place. The President apparently does not doubt that, apart from the Falstaff soldiers, there is a very strong sentiment in his own party and beyond it which desires honest government upon sound principles, and which would serve the party, not by a thorough party change in the public service, but by commending it to the good judgment of the country by a course which is evidently more patriotic than partisan. Under the circumstances there can be no question that this is true statesmanship and shrewd party policy. Every good appointment that is made, every evidence of regard for sound principles of administration which is given to the country, shows that Democratic success is not that unmitigated and unspeakable catastrophe which was predicted by heated campaign orators, and is thus of the greatest service as proving that popular institutions and government by party have not yet failed, as they certainly would have failed if the success of one of the two great parties were indeed a mortal peril to the country. If, however, the reform and progressive spirit of the Administration, as generally evinced in its course thus far, should not be approved by the Democratic party, so much the worse for the Democratic party, which by its disapproval will have completely justified the distrust which so long excluded it from power.

POSTMASTER PEARSON.

THE fact that the commission of Mr. PEARSON, the Postmaster of New York, has been allowed to expire without a re-appointment or the nomination of a successor seems to show that there is doubt of his re-appointment. The practically universal desire and expectation that he would be re-appointed is known to the President, and as he knows also that the case is anxiously watched as a test case of the probable course to be taken in the case of non-political officers who are conspicuously fit for their duties, and who have not politically or otherwise misused their offices, the delay must be ascribed to a serious doubt of the propriety or expediency of the re-appointment for reasons which are not publicly known, or whose significance is estimated by the President differently from the general judgment.

The situation is such that if the Postmaster should not be re-appointed, the reasons should be made known distinctly. Under the circumstances, to replace him by a successor, however excellent a man he may be, without explanation, would be a great injustice to the President himself, to the Postmaster, and to the reform sentiment of the country. It would plainly, yet possibly incorrectly, imply that every signally efficient officer who is not politically or otherwise obnoxious by misuse of his office is to be replaced by a Democrat because he is a Democrat. This would, of course, result in a clean party sweep of the service during the present administration, with the exception of the 14,500 places protected by the reform law. It would not, indeed, technically remove the present incumbents, but it would fill their places with Democrats because they were Democrats. The rule would prevail at every point not protected by the law, and the result would be that, with these points excepted, the whole service, superior and subordinate, would be filled, not because of fitness, but of political opinion and party sympathy. But this is the very evil that the reform would correct.

If, however, this is not to be the rule of the Administration, and Mr. PEARSON is to be displaced because of some legitimate reason connected with the discharge of his duty, the reason should be frankly stated, both because no such reason is generally known or suspected, and because the simple assertion that there is such a reason, without stating it, will be universally regarded as a mere excuse for turning out a Republican to give a Democrat his place. If the reason when stated should be such as to justify a change, nothing more would be said. If, however, it should appear to be inadequate, whether it would be regarded as a mere subterfuge to be denounced or as an honest view of a point upon which difference of opinion is permissible would depend entirely upon the critic's feeling in regard to the sincerity and candor of the President.

THE SITUATION IN NEW YORK.

THE Republicans have a decided majority in the Assembly of New York. But when a proposition was recently introduced to require the Sheriff of King's County to keep an account of the receipts and expenditures of his office, in order to bring under some intelligible control the use that is made of the notoriously large receipts of the office, Republicans enough were found to vote with the Democrats and to dodge, so that with such Republican assistance the bill was defeated. This action was taken under the influence of the men who control the Republican organization in the city of New York, and who exclude some of the best Republicans from the primary meetings of the party. The election of this year in New York will be one of the most important State elections ever held, because all the State officers are to be chosen. The Legislature is Republican in both branches, and the Republican party was defeated at the late general election. Under these circumstances, and in view of the nature of the Republican secession, it would have been good party policy for the majority of the Legislature to use its power for beneficent legislation of any kind, and emphatically against such schemes as those of the jobbers who opposed the bill regulating the Sheriff's accounts.

But after about three months of the session, which will not last very much longer, it can not be said that the course of the Republican Legislature has greatly aided the Republican party. It is not enough to reply that it has shown a better disposition than the Democratic party, because experience has proved that the mere bugaboo argument is not powerful enough to induce all Republicans to vote only for a party name. We ask intelligent Republicans in New York everywhere whether the history of the last six years does not show that even the great Republican traditions and services, and the glorious results of the war, and the generally intelligent and progressive spirit of Republicans, are not powerful enough to persuade a decisive body of Republicans to vote for any candidate merely because he has the form of a regular Republican nomination, but, on the contrary, induce them, because of those traditions and principles and early spirit of the party, effectively to oppose nominations which seem to them unworthy to be supported?

It is not a practical reply of sensible men to say that such voters are fools and renegades and traitors, and not Republicans. Let all that, and everything of the kind, be granted. But if their votes are indispensable to Republican success, are hysterics of that kind of any use, and consequently are they worthy of practical politicians? Sensible politicians, even of the professional kind, know very well that, except for the large Irish Catholic vote which the Republican candidate received in New York, he would have been overwhelmed in the State. They know also two other things: that, large as that vote was, it was not large enough to overcome the Independent Republican vote, and that, the object of its diversion from the Democratic party having failed, it can not all be held at the State election, even by the passage of the GIBBS bill, or by any other obvious device. Such intelligent politicians know also that no "monkeying" with that particular vote which came to the Republicans last November will be agreeable to the sober and sincere Republican sentiment in the State, or tend to recover the Independent Republican voters. It is certainly for the interest of the Republican party that its campaign for the coming important election should be directed by common-sense and political sagacity rather than by mere party rancor and disappointment. If, as the BLAINE organs take great comfort in saying, the Independent Republicans, or the Mugwumps, are out in the cold, and are ignominiously disowned by both parties, still, even out in the cold, they have their votes—since disfranchisement is not yet imposed as the penalty of not supporting Mr. BLAINE—and votes are excellent things to have at an election.

ARBOR DAY.

THE village improvement societies in New England and elsewhere are signs of a spirit which is not local, and which will have a most beneficent and refining effect. There are villages in which, without a society for the purpose, the whole population devotes one day in the spring to trimming the trees and edges of the walks in the street. Governor MARTIN, of Kansas, has just issued an "Arbor-day Proclamation" appointing April 2 as a day for tree-planting, and asking that it be observed by the schools and by the community as a holiday.

He says that the custom of appointing such a day now prevails in eight States of the Union, and adds that the people of Kansas began to plant trees as soon as they began to plough, and that the State which the pioneers found treeless and a desert is now enriched with more than twenty millions of fruit trees and more than two hundred thousand acres of forest trees, all planted by the people of the State. The increasing foliage softens the climate and increases the rain-fall, and makes the rural home, the church and school-ground and the "God's acre," constantly more beautiful.

It is a custom which may be wisely adopted in every country and suburban community.

THE FREE PASS BRIBERY.

A BILL prohibiting railroad companies from issuing free passes to officers of the State, members of the Legislature, and all other persons except their own officers and employés has been defeated in the Connecticut Legislature. Senator HAWLEY recently denounced with indignation the habit of depreciating public men as tending to discredit the national character and to disgrace the government.

But while there are men like the Senator who dignify and adorn public life, there is too much of such free and easy official waste of the public money as Senator VAN WYCK pointed out in the speech to which Senator HAWLEY replied, and the acceptance by legislators of money in the shape of free passes from companies which constantly desire legislation is an indecorum when it is not, even if unintentionally, taking a bribe.

The *Evening Post* very well suggests that the names of legislators who, by opposing the bill, vote themselves this kind of subsidy should be published as a memento for their constituents when they ask a re-election.

THE PEDESTAL.

THE committee upon the BARTHOLDI statue pedestal have made a strong and final appeal to the people of the State and city of New York for the funds to complete the work. The people of the republic of France, they say, have given to the people of the republic of the United States a mighty memorial statue. The French committee, composed of illustrious Frenchmen, many of historic names identified with the friendly alliance of the two countries, have designated the harbor of New York as a fitting site for the statue. Congress has allotted the ground. The pedestal, worthy of the statue, has risen to a height of eighty feet, and the means of completing it are exhausted.

Of the whole sum expended—$182,000—more than ninety per cent. has been subscribed by citizens of New York and its neighborhood, and to them alone can the committee look for the means to finish the work. The statue has been formally accepted by the Minister of the United States in France, and it will be shipped to America in a French national ship early in May. The committee say, only too truly, "If the money is not now forth-coming, the statue must return to its donors, to the everlasting disgrace of the American people, or it must go to some other city, to the everlasting dishonor of New York."

The appeal could not be more cogent. It is undeniable that the return of the statue for such a reason would not only leave us in a very extraordinary position, but it would cover with ridicule all American protestations of regard and gratitude for French aid in the Revolution. It is a matter of sentiment, undoubtedly, but what else is patriotism, or love, or piety? The committee evidently can do no more.

LESSONS OF THE ELECTION OF 1884.

THAT the Presidential election of 1884 will prove most important in its results no one can doubt. But time alone can reveal them clearly. Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, a Democratic editor from Kentucky, in the January number of the *North American Review*, in an article entitled "The Reunited Union," sees nothing but good in the event of the election, and closes his article with the words, "The Union is itself again." In the March number of the same review, Mr. MURAT HALSTEAD, a Republican editor from Ohio, appears with an article called "The Revival of Sectionalism," and announces that "the Union has not been reunited," but that "sectionalism in its worst form has been revived." Perhaps neither of these more or less "esteemed contemporaries" is exactly right. The Union was tolerably well "reunited" before the election of 1884; and precisely how the election of Mr. CLEVELAND was a "revival of sectionalism" is not apparent to the ordinary observer not possessed of that mysterious gift of penetration into the future which seems to have been exclusively bestowed on the partisan Republican editor.

There are, however, a few very obvious lessons taught by the election of 1884—obvious, but still liable to be overlooked. The first and perhaps the most important is that party discipline can no longer be relied on to carry a Presidential election. Men have ceased to regard the support of party nominations as a sacred duty. They refuse blindly to obey the dictates of party conventions. They will even vote for the candidate of the party to which they have always been opposed if they believe that the good of the country will be thus promoted. In the last election men of this mind were numerous enough to turn the scale and give the election to Mr. CLEVELAND, who would have been defeated but for the votes of those who believed they could best serve their country by voting against their party.

Of course these voters have been denounced in unmeasured terms by the disappointed politicians who suffered defeat. The "thick-and-thin" Republicans may be divided into two classes—(1) those who make or expect to make a living by politics; this class includes not only a great army of office-holders and office-seekers, but party editors whose bread and butter depends upon party patronage, and "heelers," who distribute and to a greater or less extent share in the corruption fund used to disseminate sound political doctrine, mainly in the form of a convenient and convertible paper currency; and (2) those who honestly believe that no good government can be administered except by the Republican party.

With the first class it would be idle to argue. They are mostly "unclean birds." They are "true to the flag" of party, simply because it "pays." They are of the class described by Lord BACON as

> "the corrupter sort of mere politicians that have not their thoughts established by learning in the love and apprehension of duty, nor ever look abroad into universality, but refer all things to themselves, and thrust themselves into the centre of the world as if all lines should meet in them and their fortunes; never caring in all tempests what becomes of the ship of state, so they may save themselves in the cock-boat of their own fortunes."—*De Augmentis, Book* 1.

These creatures denounce independents for the same reason that the silversmiths of Ephesus denounced St. PAUL: "This our craft is in danger to be set at naught."

To the second class—the sincere believers in the doctrine that Republican supremacy is absolutely necessary to the welfare, if not to the existence of the country—a few considerations are suggested. And just here it may be excusable to refer these honest partisans to a document which it was once thought the duty of every citizen to ponder, digest, and heed, but which in these latter days is, it is feared, but little read. The Father of his Country, in his farewell address to the people whom he loved and by whom he was so highly honored, warned them solemnly against the evils of party spirit. He says:

> "Let me warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally....The common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it. It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another; foments occasionally riot and insurrection. ....In governments purely elective it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose, and there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it."

These words of wisdom are as true now as they were in 1796. That party spirit which can see no good whatever in a party comprising nearly or quite one-half of the voting population of the whole country needs to be "mitigated and assuaged."

What are the evils anticipated by disappointed Republicans from the defeat of Mr. BLAINE?

That most frequently dwelt upon is apprehended from what is characterized as the "solid South." Mr. BLAINE started this idea in his Augusta speech, which can only be excused on the ground that it was delivered while he was laboring under the first disappointment of unexpected defeat. It has been taken up by many of the more unscrupulous Republican editors throughout the country. Mr. HALSTEAD with loud and lurid eloquence displays it in the pages of the *North American Review*. Even Mr. EVARTS, who owes his election as Senator partly to his great reputation as a lawyer and statesman, and partly to the fact that he was supposed not to be a "hide-bound" politician, in his public utterances has sometimes joined in this cry of apprehension of the "solid South."

And still this apprehension is utterly baseless and senseless. It comes with ill grace from the party that reconstructed the States formerly in rebellion. Two courses were open in regard to the rebellious States when the war was ended. They could be kept in subjection as conquered territory, or they could be restored to the Union as equal and sovereign States. The Republican party, controlling the government, wisely and patriotically chose the latter alternative. At the same time it conferred the right of suffrage on the enfranchised race dwelling therein. This was done with many misgivings on the part of many earnest Republicans who were also friends of the freedmen. They apprehended that this ignorant mass of men, accustomed to slavery and subordination, if enfranchised, would naturally and almost inevitably eventually come under the influence of their former masters and their descendants; that the stronger, more intelligent and energetic race would by fair means or foul manage to control the less intelligent and weaker race even in those States where the latter were the more numerous. This apprehension has proved well founded. Large numbers of the colored men of the South in fact vote the Democratic ticket.

Their numbers have increased the proportional strength in Congress and in the Electoral College of the Southern States. But how can this be helped? If the Federal government can prevent it, why has not the Republican party, which has been in power all the while, done so? The truth is, it could not have been and can not be prevented. The race which is stronger intellectually and physically will always exercise more or less control over the weaker, and to do this neither violence nor threats of violence are necessary. In fact, there is no evidence that the election in the South was not just as fair and free as in the North. Mr. HALSTEAD, in his article referred to, with most charming inconsistency, while charging the South with "disregarding the political rights and personal wishes of the colored citizens,"...."in violation of the treaty obligation that closed the war," and saying, "that the emancipated slaves are enfranchised only so far as the whites please to permit," gives tables to show that the Republican party is gaining in the South; that Tennessee has already, by electing Republican railroad commissioners, to some extent "broken the crust of the solid South," and is likely soon to be a Republican State, and that other Southern States will soon follow her example.

The cry of the "solid South" is simply a "scare." It has no more existence as a real danger to the country than the once famous Cock Lane Ghost. The Southern States have precisely the same rights as any other portion of the Union of equal population; no more and no less. If there was any "treaty obligation" at the close of the war, as Mr. HALSTEAD seems to suppose, that they were to support the Republican ticket, it has not been revealed to any but the Republican partisan editors. Mr. BLAINE in his letter of acceptance correctly states the attitude of the South as follows: "Prejudices have yielded and are yielding, while a growing cordiality warms the Southern and the Northern heart alike. Can any one doubt that between the sections confidence and esteem are to-day more marked than at any period in the sixty years preceding the election of President LINCOLN?....The South needs capital and occupation, not controversy....Some of the Southern States have already entered upon a career of industrial development and prosperity." Since these words were written (July 15, 1884) nothing has occurred to change the feeling between the North and South, unless it be the fact that the Southern States have voted for Mr. CLEVELAND instead of Mr. BLAINE, with New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Indiana, instead of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Ohio.

A glance at the figures will show how senseless is the pretense that the solid South is now coming to control the country. Mr. CLEVELAND'S entire vote was 4,874,118; of these he received from the old Slave States 1,718,301, or only a little over one-third of his whole vote. The whole vote cast for both CLEVELAND and BLAINE in the old slave-holding States was 2,980,353; of these Mr. BLAINE had 1,262,052, or about 42¼ per cent. The entire vote cast for both CLEVELAND and BLAINE in the old non-slave-holding States was 6,743,625; of these Mr. CLEVELAND had 3,155,817, or about 46¾ per cent.

Nearly two-thirds of the votes by which CLEVELAND and HENDRICKS were elected were cast in States which were never in rebellion, and were non-slave-holding States; and they received nearly one-half of all the votes cast in these States, not taking into account those given for BUTLER and ST. JOHN. And in the South (*i. e.*, in the former slave-holding States), "solid" as it is called, CLEVELAND and HENDRICKS had only a little over fifty-seven per cent. of the entire popular vote cast. Away, then, with this silly talk about the "revival of sectionalism" by Mr. CLEVELAND'S election! The only attempt at such "revival" has been by Mr. BLAINE and the more foolishly zealous of his followers since election. But though they can, like Owen Glendower, "call spirits from the vasty deep," the spirits will not come. They are too deeply buried. Sectionalism will not be revived.

Still it must be confessed, as stated in the opening of this article, that time alone can tell what the ultimate results of this election will be. If the new Administration shall carry out the principles avowed by Mr. CLEVELAND, and which have governed his administration as Governor of the State of New York; if his advisers shall prove to be men who sympathize with his views upon administrative reform, and have the courage, firmness, and capacity requisite to put them in practice; if he and they shall appreciate and act upon the acknowledged fact that they have been put in power, not by any party, but by the people of the whole country, and that the government is to be administered in the interest of the whole country—the results of the election will prove to be good, and good only. The change in the *personnel* of the government will be of great advantage; in the investigation of past frauds and delinquencies there will be no disposition to cover up or palliate, and no motive to condemn unjustly.

The Independent Republicans, whom Mr. HALSTEAD calls "fantastic men," and whose example, he says, none but "cranks" will hereafter follow, desire him and others like him to give themselves no uneasiness on account of the independent voters. They are not men who get their living by politics. They have no "craft" which is in danger. They are prepared, in the exercise of their rights as freemen, to take independent action whenever and wherever it may seem necessary. They do not expect partisan editors, actual or expectant feeders at the political cribs, or bigoted party adherents of any description, to follow their example. An old philosopher says that there are three ranks among men: some who know good, and are willing to teach others—these, he said, are like gods among men; others who, though they know not much, yet are willing to learn—these, he said, are like men among beasts; and some who know not good, and yet despise such as would teach them—these he esteemed as beasts among men. No accessions to the independent forces are expected from the third rank, comprising as it does many whose livelihood depends on the strict preservation of party discipline, and the permanence of the spoils system. Political reform is to them an unmixed evil. Therefore these unfortunates refuse to believe in its existence, and are blind to its progress.

Infelix qui pauca sapit, spernit-que doceri.

Subserviency to party will never save the country. The hope of Democratic continuance in power lies in a wise, honest, conservative administration of the government. The hope of Republican restoration to power lies in the future nomination of candidates whose public and private record will be a guarantee that their election will not retard the cause of good government. The hope of the country lies in the determination of its voting population to support only those candidates, by whatever party nominated, whose election promises most surely to secure honest and efficient administration of the offices, in the interest of the whole people.

MATTHEW HALE.

PERSONAL.

THE widow of General CUSTER has given to the world in her new book, *Boots and Saddle*, an exemplification of the most fascinating and ideal of biographic methods, and the impression made by reading its pages is for the friends of that gallant soldier—the most gallant type of the American cavalryman yet produced—similar to that of remembered talks with him by the bivouac fire. Mrs. CUSTER has laid those friends under a sense of personal obligation, and during her contemplated trip across the plains to Oregon she will not pass a single hamlet or encampment where the praise of CUSTER will not greet her ears.

—Captain C. G. LUNDBORG, whose disquisition on the science of yacht-building has just been published by the American Yacht Club, was formerly an officer in the United States navy. Many years ago he resigned his commission in order to give his time and fortune to the systematic study of that science, and the result is now visible in a model of a yacht which illustrates some of the profoundest and most original nautical principles.

—Notwithstanding his physical weakness, General GRANT has insisted upon giving to the jury now investigating the transactions of the late firm of GRANT & WARD a full exposition of his own relation to the disastrous failure which involved himself and his sons in financial ruin, being determined not to leave this world until he has demonstrated the generally accepted fact that his own honor is unsullied.

—Mr. WILL CARLETON has been chosen orator by the literary societies of Lewisburg (Pennsylvania) University for their annual meeting in June next, and has accepted the position. His subject will be "The Student Guild."

—Mr. FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE is to edit TENNYSON'S poems with brief notes, whose principal object is "to assign to the poems their original motive, which was in many cases a suggestion from various friends of the poet."

—Mr. E. P. ROE, the novelist, who recently got into monetary difficulties by indorsing notes for his brother, expresses a resolution not to avail himself of the provisions of any bankrupt act, but to set to work to earn the money in question, until the last dollar for which his signature made him responsible has been paid.

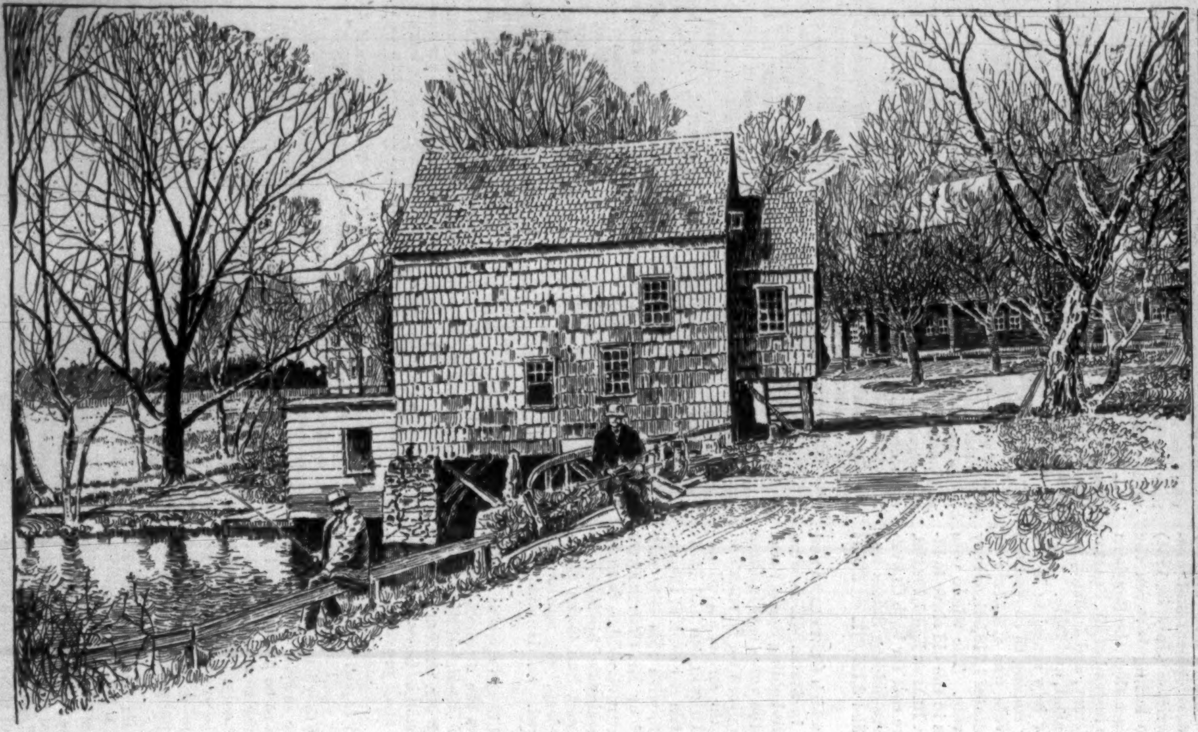
—The methods of musical critics in Paris, as represented by their course toward Miss VAN ZANDT, are as follows: For some reason or other—various stories are told—that accomplished singer fell under their displeasure. They thereupon charged her in the public press with being intoxicated on the stage. She left Paris, and fulfilled brilliantly an engagement in Russia. On her return they organized a clique to hiss her, and have been persecuting her ever since. Let Miss VAN ZANDT, who is an American, come home. She will be judged here by her art.

—Count MAGRI, the dwarf, who is soon to marry General Tom Thumb's widow, was dining in a restaurant, when a newspaper man informed him that his *fiancée* had spoken of him most complimentarily in a printed interview—had, in fact, said that she was madly in love with him, and other words of similarly burning import. The count hung his head, blushed deeply, asked for her exact language, and took out a lead-pencil and wrote it down in midget letters on the bill of fare, in order, as he said, to show it to her, and see if she really did feel so. Three days afterward he was found again. "I read that to her," he observed, sadly, "and she said she never said anything of the kind."

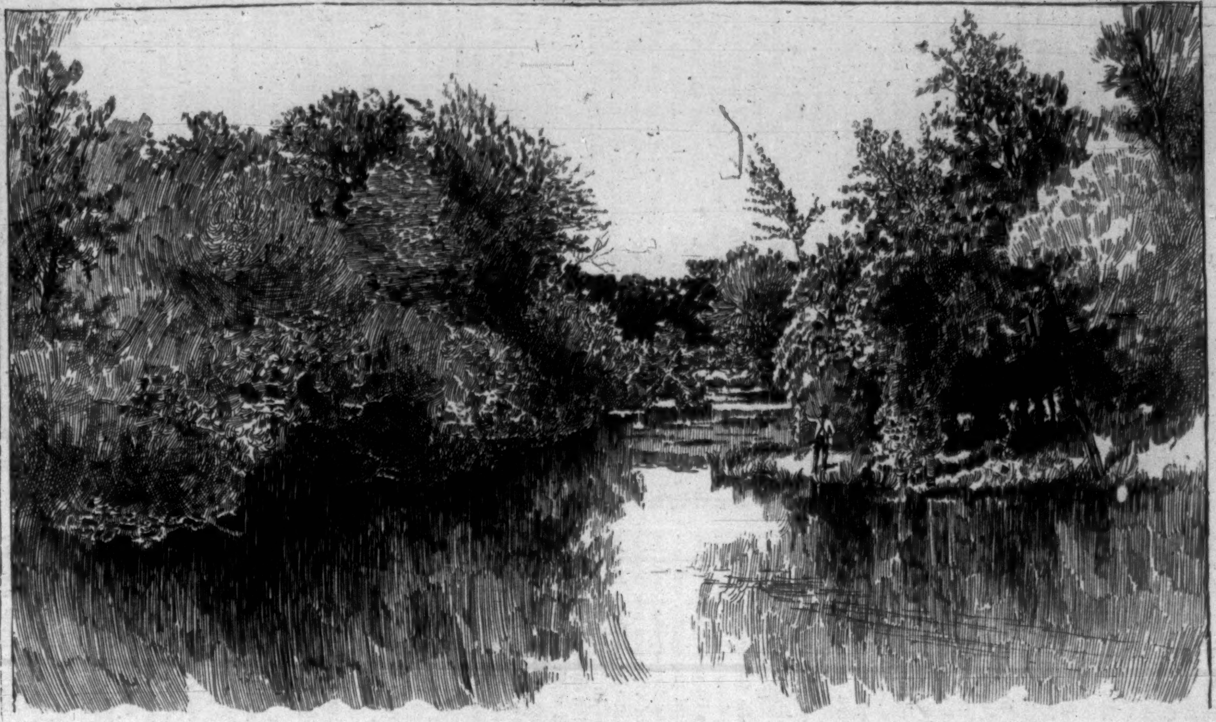
—In a reply to an invitation to a dinner from a hundred or more distinguished citizens of this country and Canada, at the close of his engagement in this city, Mr. HENRY IRVING says: "Such a distinction, offered by so remarkable a body of American citizens, far exceeds my deserts. This proof of good-will must always be most precious, and my only regret—my deep regret—is that I can not at some time return to your stage."

—The late Mrs. BARRETT BROWNING, who in her poems made the world the confidant of her love for her son, would have been proud to have foreseen that on his thirty-sixth birthday he had become a painter and sculptor of such importance as to justify "a few of those members of the Browning Society who venerate the memory of his mother" in formally presenting to him a set of her works in the different English, American, and German editions, bound in maroon morocco, stamped with his arms, and inclosed in a carved oak case.

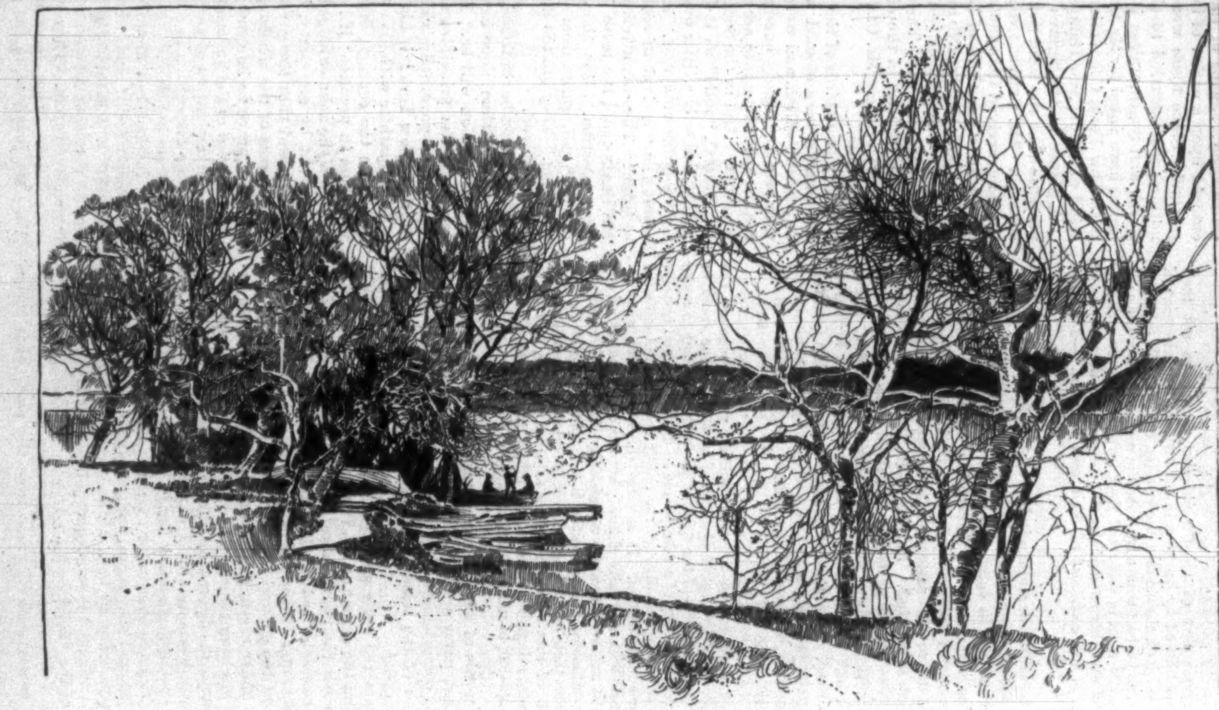
—Professor JAMES A. HARRISON, of the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, has recently contributed to *Anglia* (the well-known German *Zeitschrift für Englische Philologie*) an elaborate paper on the "Negro English" of the Southern States. This is the first attempt made by any scholar to treat the subject systematically, and it is astonishing to find how interesting it becomes in the hands of a trained philologian. After a brief outline of some of the salient features in negro character which have exerted the most powerful influence in shaping their dialectical peculiarities, Professor HARRISON presents an extended scientific register of the varied phenomena of "Negro Phonetics," and follows this up with a skeleton grammar of negro language as it exists to-day south of the Potomac. To this is finally appended "Specimen Negroisms," which occupy eighteen closely printed crown octavo pages, forming a most interesting and diverting collection, which ought to be simply invaluable to novelists undertaking to portray the humors of negro character. The paper is altogether very good reading, and could only have been written by a trained scholar whose whole life has been spent in the old Slave States.



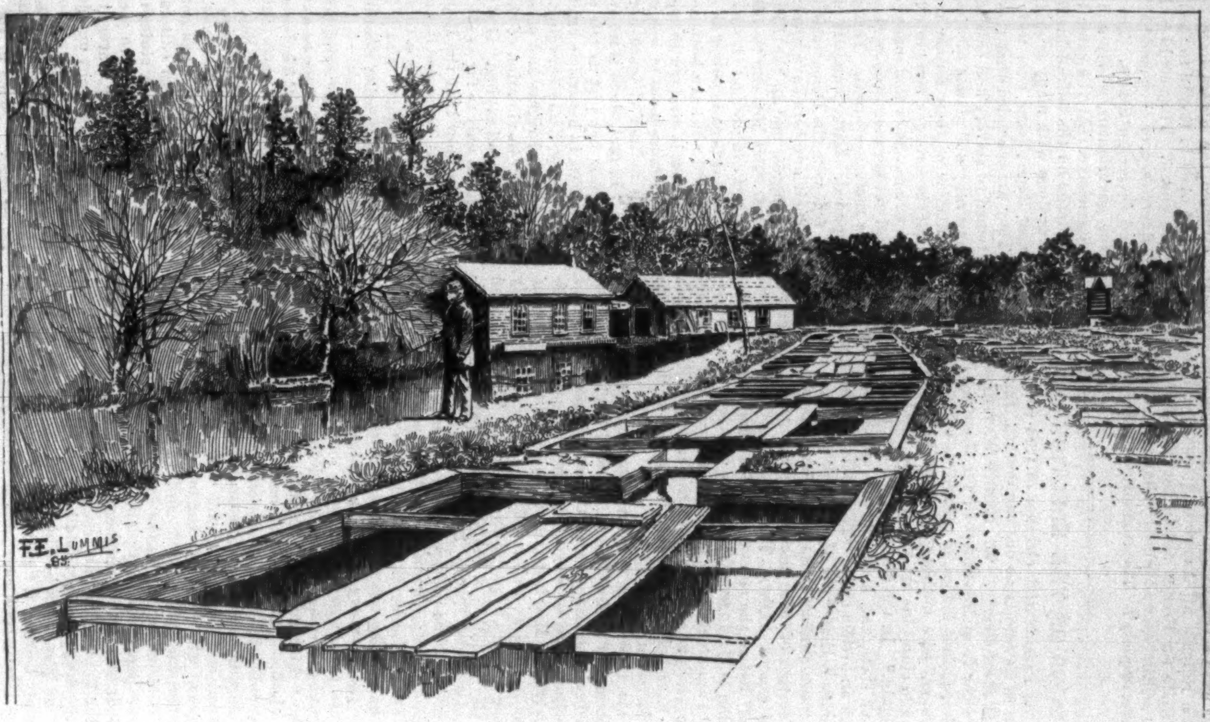
THE OLD MILL AND CLUB-HOUSE.



THE STREAM BELOW THE MILL.

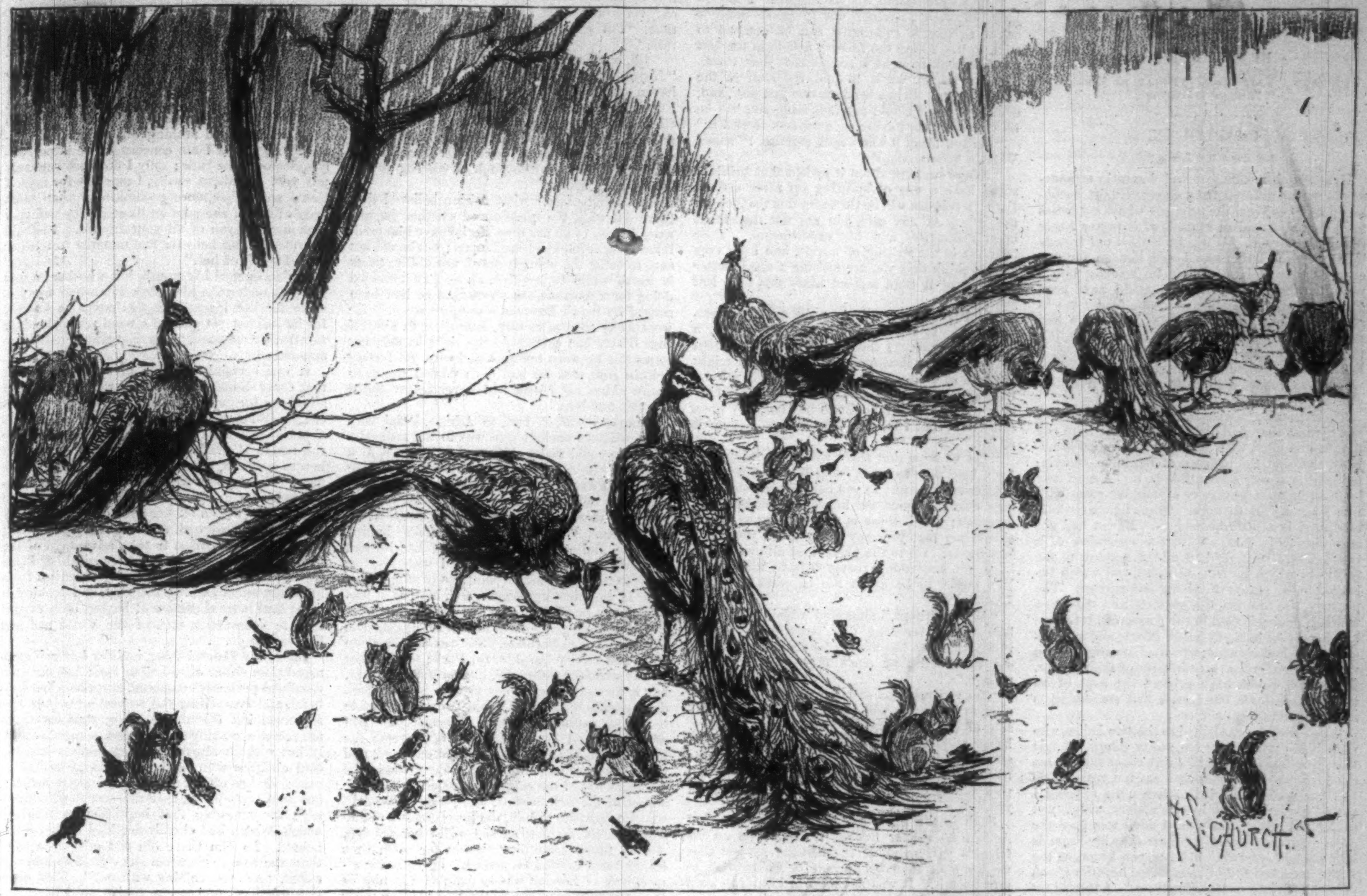


BOAT-LANDING ON THE MAIN POND.

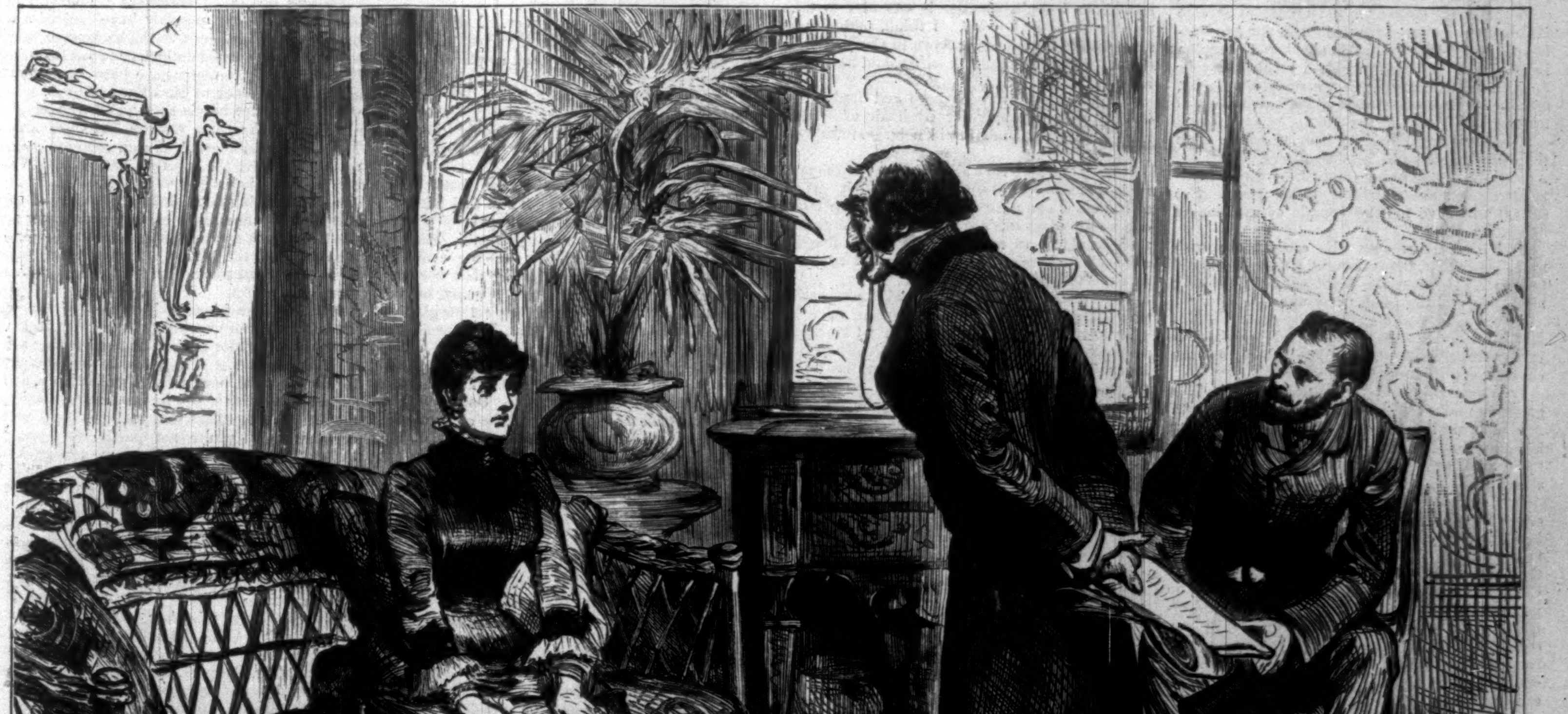


THE NURSERY AND HATCHING-HOUSES.

THE TROUTING SEASON—SKETCHES AT THE SOUTH SIDE CLUB, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.—[See Page 219.]



AN EARLY BREAKFAST IN CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by F. S. Church.



"'IT ISN'T MEANT FOR ME,' GASPED POOR LADY ST. AUSTELL; 'IT'S MEANT FOR LADY GLASTONBURY.'"—[See Serial "Adrian Vidal," Page 214.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

ESTRANGEMENT.

Heriot's circumstances and domestic arrangements so far differed from those of most bachelors that he enjoyed the privilege of asking ladies to dinner, and availed himself of it pretty freely during the season. When he invited our friends in Alexandra Gardens to honor him so far one evening, they had no excuse for sending him a refusal, although one of them would have been glad to escape the lecture which he feared was in store for him. Clare and Miss Vidal, who had not yet seen the interior of Heriot's abode, felt the curiosity natural to their sex to inspect a house which owned no mistress—a house, too, which was reported to contain artistic treasures of every description.

Their host's drawing-room proved to be very much what they had anticipated; that is to say that it was filled with beautiful and valuable objects, and that the absence of feminine superintendence was very perceptible in it. A man may hope to fit up a library or a smoking-room with fair success, but to make a drawing-room look inhabited is a little beyond us. Heriot had not attempted this feat. With the exception of a few Oriental rugs, he had added nothing to the furniture which he had inherited, and which belonged to the period of gilding and mirrors. The pictures, the bronzes, the enamels, and the china, which he had collected in the course of his travels had been sent home to Brook Street, and unpacked by his housekeeper, who had arranged them without interference on the part of their owner. The result would have grieved the soul of an æsthetic *dilettante*, but Heriot had something to say in justification of it.

"You see," he explained to the two ladies, who were busily examining his pretty things, "I feel that everybody who enters this room will do me the justice to perceive that I am not responsible for it, whereas if I tried to lessen its ugliness I should probably fall into blunders which you couldn't forgive. Lady St. Austell was here the other day, and she said, 'Your drawing-room is like yourself—frankly hideous, you know, at the first glance, but full of unexpected beauties if you take the trouble to look for them.' I think that was a very pretty compliment. One doesn't make one's face, but one may flatter one's self that the unexpected beauties are of one's own creating."

Clare thought to herself that Lady St. Austell's own face merited precisely the opposite description, the beauty of it being apparent to careless observers, while its unexpected uglinesses became visible upon a closer scrutiny. But she prudently refrained from saying this aloud, and Georgina laughed, and remarked, "I shall break into your house some time when you are away, Mr. Heriot, and lay hands upon various trifles which you will never miss."

"Do," answered Heriot; "or lay hands upon them now, which will be still better. Lady St. Austell did. She never comes here without carrying away some memento of her visits. She says it will save me the trouble of mentioning her in my will."

And it was a woman who could make such speeches as that, Clare thought, whom men found fascinating! Then De Wynt came in, rubbing his hands, and the small party was complete.

"I am sorry that we are a lady short," Heriot said. "Lady St. Austell, who had promised to join us, sent about an hour ago to say that she couldn't get off another engagement."

It is probable that the absence of this fifth guest was not deeply deplored by the other four. Adrian inwardly returned thanks to Heaven for his deliverance from danger, and remarked aloud, "We shall be ever so much jollier without outsiders."

Yet, somehow, the evening was not a very jolly one. De Wynt may have enjoyed it, and so, perhaps, did Georgina; but the remaining three certainly did not. Heriot could not help noticing that something was amiss between Adrian and Clare, nor could they help being aware that he noticed this; so that their joint and several efforts to behave as though all were well failed lamentably. The presence of De Wynt was a comfort to Adrian, since nothing of a private nature could be said before him during the twenty minutes that the three men spent in the dining-room after dinner; but he was not to escape the interview with his friend which he dreaded. For when the hour of release came, and when he had put the ladies into their carriage, muttering something about going down to the club to smoke a cigar, Heriot interposed with, "Stay and smoke your cigar with me, Adrian; I haven't seen anything of you yet." To which he could only reply, "All right, old man," with such show of alacrity as was at his command.

"I hope it is not too late to offer my congratulations," Heriot said, after he had led the way into the comfortable library, of which he made a good deal more use than of his drawing-room. "You have become a famous man since you were last in this house."

"Hardly that," answered Vidal, laughing.

"Oh, you are famous—don't affect modesty with an old friend. And I am told that you write the review of fiction in that queer new venture of Pilkington's—if it is his venture. Probably it is somebody else's venture, though?"

"Oh, of course. I don't know who the principal proprietors are—Egerton, I believe, for one—but we are all of us interested in it to a small extent. What do you think of its chances?"

"As a speculation, do you mean? I am no judge of such matters; but I should think it ought to pay, if Pilkington can be induced to stick to it. I read the literary article in the last number, and thought I recognized your touch. You were quite right to join the staff of the *Anglo-Saxon*. It is a brilliant one just now, and, even if it doesn't hold together long, you will be all the better for having been connected with it."

"Do you think it won't hold together?" asked Vidal, a little anxiously.

"I know nothing about it except that brilliant staffs have a way of splitting up after a time. Perhaps this one will be the exception that proves the rule. At any rate, you are not dependent upon Pilkington and his experiments. Your business is the writing of novels, and I am very glad to think that you are making a much better business of it than seemed likely this time last year."

Vidal laughed. "Oh yes; the money is tumbling in. It tumbles out again, though, at a deuce of a pace. I can assure you, Heriot, that it costs a great deal more than a bachelor might suppose to maintain an establishment in a humble way on the extreme outskirts of civilized London. I feel that I ought to be laying by for a rainy day; but I haven't been able to manage it so far."

"Let us hope that there will be no rainy days for a long time to come," said Heriot, cheerfully. "After such a start as you have made, your earnings ought to increase henceforth rather than diminish; and if there is such a thing as luck, I should say that you may safely count yourself a lucky man. Up to the present, at all events, you have got everything that you have wished for. You ought to be about the happiest fellow in London."

"Well, perhaps," answered Vidal, who somehow rather resented this imputation. "The things that one has wished for don't always turn out to be all that one's fancy painted them, though."

"Do you mean to say that greatness is beginning to pall upon you already? This is the result of too many dinners and too much flattery. Never mind, Adrian; whenever you find your palate cloyed by an overdose of compliments, come to me, and I will administer correctives. I can pick plenty of holes in *Two Lovers*, let me tell you."

Such is the perversity of human nature that Adrian no sooner noticed a disposition on his friend's part to shirk the delicate subject that we know of than he himself began to wish to introduce it. It was not natural to him to keep his distresses to himself; moreover, he had some hope that Heriot had abstained from condemning him out of sheer inability to do so. So he said: "I don't mean that. I can swallow a fair quantity of compliments without feeling sick, and I don't get any more than I can manage. But sometimes I doubt whether it was wise to take up our abode in London. I think, perhaps, we should have been happier down in Cornwall, after all. That is, I think my wife would have been happier."

"People who have been born and bred in the country naturally long for fresh air after they have been several months in a large town," remarked Heriot.

"Yes; but that isn't all. The fact of the matter is that Clare hates society, and I like it. Well, of course, if one were living on a Cornish moor, one would adapt one's self to circumstances, and there would be an end of it; but I can't live like a hermit in London. I don't think it ought to be expected of me that I should."

Heriot said nothing at all, which was rather provoking, and it was in a somewhat more aggrieved tone that Adrian went on: "I know you understand how things are. It isn't pleasant to be received with black looks after one has talked for ten minutes to a woman who is not even young or pretty; it isn't pleasant to be suspected and distrusted. I make every allowance for difference of temperament and all that; still, it isn't pleasant. And it seems to me that I should be quite wrong to give in for the sake of a quiet life. You, at all events, will believe that I would gladly give up many of my own pleasures to please Clare. I haven't changed toward her, though in some ways she has changed a little toward me. But the truth is that she wants what it is impossible that she should have—at any rate, so long as we live in London. She really is not reasonable. Of course I wouldn't say this to any one but you."

"Do you know," observed Heriot, quietly, "I think you would do more wisely not to say it even to me."

"Very well," answered Adrian, a good deal affronted; "I won't do it again, then. I thought perhaps you might be able to help me out a little, and you used to be willing enough to do that when you were asked; but no doubt you are quite right to snub me. It is bad form to talk about one's wife."

"It won't do, Adrian," returned Heriot, laughing good-humoredly. "I decline to be inveigled into the absurd position of a mediator between two people who must understand each other better than I can understand either of them. Your quarrel—if it can be called a quarrel—seems to me perfectly ridiculous. I suppose the quarrels of lovers always do seem so to outsiders, and it would be easy enough to give you excellent advice if one did not know that it would be superfluous. You and Clare can make friends again whenever you choose to do so, and I imagine that you will choose before you are much older. Anyhow, I wish you both to remain friends with me, and therefore I shall not say anything to either of you that I don't want repeated to the other."

This cavalier way of dismissing the subject did not impose upon Adrian, who was too familiar with Heriot's face and voice to be deceived as to the anxiety which it was intended to conceal. But he did not insist upon plainer speaking, and only remarked, after keeping silence for a short time, "I'm glad you don't blame me, at any rate."

"Oh, but I never said that," returned Heriot. "If you want to know what I think of you, I haven't the slightest objection to telling you that I consider you an ass. You ought to know better than to require a woman to be reasonable, and you certainly must know that, whatever other women may be or do, your wife doesn't carry unreasonableness to the pitch of wishing you to renounce all society."

This being exactly what Adrian believed that Clare did wish, the question of whether he was more or less of an ass than Heriot gave him credit for being seemed to remain open; but he did not care to bring the point forward, nor did he think it worth while to mention, as he had intended doing for a moment, the alarm that he had been caused by Sarah Bowman's re-appearance. He went away soon afterward, admitting to himself that Heriot had probably been right in refusing to meddle between husband and wife, yet feeling a little sore that he had been denied the sympathy which his friend had never before failed to extend to him.

Sympathy was, in fact, to Adrian Vidal very much what an ancient coin was to his father-in-law. He could make shift to do without it at a pinch, but he could not deny himself the solace of it if it was to be had anywhere within reach; and when the customary sources failed him, he was fain to seek what he required in Grosvenor Square. With Lady St. Austell's habits, opinions, and general conception of life he had no more sympathy than she had with his, but there were certain minor points as to which they were in complete agreement, and, besides, it was pleasant to be smiled upon and made much of.

"So you are going down to Polruth again," she said to him one afternoon. She was sipping a cup of tea and was equipped for the Park; for the hour was approaching when she, like most other ladies, felt it incumbent upon her to take part in that daily parade which they would find so intolerable if it were made compulsory. Beyond the open window behind her were banks of flowers; the lowered sun-blinds made the light subdued, and in the coolness and fragrance of the room, in the ceaseless roll of the carriages outside, even in the aspect of the well-dressed, well-preserved woman who sat opposite to him, the jewels on her plump white hands flashing as she raised her tea-cup, Adrian found something that at the same time soothed and excited his senses. In truth, the atmosphere of London was as delightful to him as the atmosphere of the country is to some other people.

"So you are going down to Polruth again," she repeated—"dear old sleepy Polruth! How will you like that?"

"I liked it very well last year," Adrian answered.

"Ah, last year was—last year. I can understand that you enjoyed yourself very much then; but one ought never to go back to places where one has enjoyed one's self; and to go back with the partner of one's former joys—after having actually married her too!—" Lady St. Austell shook her head gravely. "I should think it would be dreadfully depressing," she remarked, presently.

Adrian had reasons for thinking that it very possibly might be; but he did not feel inclined to state them, or to claim Lady St. Austell's sympathy with regard to this particular matter. "Shall you be in Cornwall in the course of the summer?" he asked; and, feeling that her presence in the vicinity of Polruth would be far from an unqualified boon, he was rather glad to hear her reply: "Not this year, I believe. We are to go to Scotland rather earlier than usual, and after that we shall have to be in Hertfordshire until the hunting begins. That is the worst of having so many houses. One is obliged to live in them more or less, and the consequence is that one really lives nowhere, and can never lay one's hand upon anything that one wants."

"I don't think I should object to eighty thousand a year, all the same," remarked Vidal. "Or is it a hundred thousand?"

"I don't know what it is," answered Lady St. Austell. "Of course one would a great deal rather be rich than poor; but the provoking thing about money is that it seems as if it ought to give you everything, and yet, after a certain point, it only gives you the same things as your neighbors have, but on a rather larger scale. I can quite enter into the feelings of Matthew Arnold's sick king in Bokhara, who had wealth and fame and all the rest of it, but could not even save a beggar from being stoned to death. What is the use of being such a magnificent person if one can't do what one wants or have what one wants?"

"What is the especial thing that you want?" Vidal inquired.

Lady St. Austell sighed plaintively. "Ah, so many things!—and all of them especial things, too! But it's no use thinking about them. One thing I want, which ought not to be impossible. I want you to come and stay with us in Scotland. Are you fond of shooting? If you are, you will be able to amuse yourself all day: and then perhaps you will take pity upon me, and amuse me a little in the evening."

"Thanks; it's very kind of you—" began Vidal, hesitatingly.

"Now I know what you are going to say," interrupted Lady St. Austell: "your wife won't let you leave her. Well, she can come too, if she likes. I am sure I shall be delighted to see her. So will Lord St. Austell," she added, with a little titter, of which the significance escaped her hearer.

"You are extremely kind," said Adrian again.

"And you are more than extremely foolish," retorted Lady St. Austell, who was not fond of being thwarted. "Why do you allow yourself to be so cruelly hen-pecked?"

"It isn't exactly that," Adrian said.

"Oh, but I assure you it is exactly that, and you won't find it a bit the less inconvenient for being called by another name. Really, I have no patience with women like Mrs. Vidal! I don't say it to annoy you, you know, but it is a fact that I have taken some trouble to be polite to her, and have had nothing but rudeness in return. As far as I am concerned, she is perfectly welcome to be rude; only I do most sincerely pity you. Without vanity, I may say for myself that I am rather more good-natured than most people; and if she goes on like this, she will very soon deprive you of all your friends. I should like to have her here for five minutes to tell her what I think of her."

Adrian opened his mouth, but whether he was going to undertake his wife's defense or to apologize for her ingratitude will never be known, for he had not yet got out a word when the door was thrown open and "Mrs. and Miss Vidal" were announced.

It was certainly a piece of rather bad luck that Clare should have selected this afternoon of all others for paying the call which she owed after Lady St. Austell's garden party, and it was also bad luck that Georgina, who wanted to see the inside of the house, should have persuaded her to come in, instead of leaving cards at the door. The moment of her entrance was an awkward one for everybody. Even Lady St. Austell was a little thrown off her balance by this speedy fulfillment of the wish that she had just uttered, and felt no inclination to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded her for speaking home truths; while Adrian, who had jumped up from his chair, stood smiling foolishly, and looking a great deal more conscious of having been caught than so seasoned a man of the world had any business to do.

Clare, as a general thing, had far less self-command than either of the other two; but she now remained perfectly composed, surprising her husband, and compelling the respect of a lady who respected but few things. She staid for about ten minutes, making conversation, somewhat stiffly, but without apparent effort, and exchanging cold civilities with Lady St. Austell, who had of course shaken off her momentary embarrassment, but who probably judged the occasion inopportune for renewing that invitation to Scotland which Adrian had already declined on his wife's behalf. To him Clare did not address a word until she rose to go, when she turned to him and asked, "Are you coming with us?" That question admitted of but one reply; so Adrian presently found himself descending the staircase behind his wife and sister, looking—and knowing that he looked—extremely like a school-boy who has been pounced upon by his master when out of bounds, and is being led back for punishment.

He was not in an observant frame of mind, otherwise he might possibly have noticed a red baize door, giving access to the back stairs, which was cautiously opened an inch or two as he passed. Behind that door might have been seen the exultant countenance of Miss Susan Bowman, who was rubbing her hands softly, and who laughed aloud when the three visitors had disappeared. This was indeed a treat! Susan required nobody to tell her that the meeting between Mr. Vidal and his wife had been unpremeditated on both sides, and having noticed the expression of their respective countenances as they passed her post of observation, she had little difficulty in picturing to herself the sort of interview which would be likely to take place between them on their return home.

"Oh, my dear friend and benefactor," she murmured, "what an evening you are going to have! I shouldn't wonder if you had been telling a few little innocent lies of late about the number of times you have been to see her ladyship, and I shouldn't wonder if you had to confess the lot of them. Tears? Bless you, yes! you'll get plenty of *them;* and you're not partial to tears, you know. You'll have to make some promises too, and then you'll break them, and then you'll be found out again; and so it will go on till you wish you were dead. That wife of yours has got a nice soft pretty face of her own, but there was a look upon it just now which makes me suspect that she can scratch as well as purr—and she'll let you find it out to-night, unless I'm very much mistaken."

But Susan was mistaken, as it happened; and although Mrs. Vidal did indeed find it necessary to request a private interview with her husband that evening, Lady St. Austell's name was not mentioned in the course of it, and it was she, not he, who found it a painful one.

When Clare followed Adrian into his study, after the rest of the household had retired to bed, and began, "Adrian, I have something to speak to you about," he groaned in spirit, fearing the worst; and nothing could have exceeded his relief when it turned out that all she had to say was that she was at the end of her resources, and that the household expenditure could no longer by any possibility be kept within the limits assigned to it some months before. He did not in the least realize what it cost her to make this avowal; he was far from imagining that, in order to avoid making it sooner, she had deprived herself of every personal luxury that could be dispensed with, and that to her somewhat disordered fancy it appeared as though by admitting her failure to accomplish her duty as a housewife she were in some sort condoning the offenses which he, on his side, had committed against her.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" he asked, unlocking the drawer of his writing-table and taking out all the loose cash that he had by him. "Of course an extra person being in the house must make a difference, and one can't dine one's friends for nothing. We'll have a supplementary vote now, and increase the estimates for the future. What shall we put it at? Half as much again? All right; and if that isn't enough, you must let me know. I can always make up a deficit by a little extra work."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1463.

This was certainly a liberal way of doing things, for Adrian's coffers were by no means overflowing, and he thought that his wife would at least reward him with a few words of thanks. But she did nothing of the kind. She only gathered up the money, remarking, "I am sorry to have been such a bad manager," and moved toward the door.

Adrian let her go. It seemed to him that she made an almost imperceptible halt upon the threshold, as if she thought he might be going to call her back, and, indeed, he was more than half inclined to do so. But he resisted the weakness. What would be the good, he thought, of entering upon explanations which would certainly not be held satisfactory, and listening to reproaches of which he could not admit the justice? Time and change of scene would do their work, he hoped; and it was better to trust to such old-established remedies than to the doubtful one of a scene, followed by a possible treaty of peace.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CRUEL CALUMNY.

Heriot was a poor sleeper at the best of times; and when anything occurred to disturb or perplex him after ten o'clock in the evening his chances of rest before daybreak were small indeed. The brief conversation which he had held with Adrian upon the subject of the latter's domestic troubles had worried him a good deal more than he had chosen to show; and when he had read a book in bed until his head ached, without inducing the faintest sensation of drowsiness, he blew out his candle, and resigned himself to the fact that he was going to have a night of it. This being by no means his first experience of the kind, he did not count up to ten thousand, or try to see an endless flock of sheep leaping over a stile, or adopt any other of the futile remedies by means of which some people, similarly circumstanced, are wont to goad themselves to the verge of insanity, but lay patiently on the flat of his back, like a sensible man, and reflected.

And this, among other things, was what he said to himself: "It's rather a hard case when a man can do nothing for his two best friends, except hold his tongue. Here are these silly people drifting apart, thinking evil of one another, and doing all they know to build up a wall between themselves which may gradually reach such a height that they will never see each other again—and all about nothing! Half a dozen words would set the whole stupid misunderstanding straight; only it isn't by me that they can be spoken! I was right to shut Adrian up; he has a strong case, and it wouldn't do to argue it with him. As for Clare, she has next to no case at all, so that argument with her would be even more hopeless. The best thing that could happen to them would be to have a downright quarrel; but I'm afraid it won't come to that, and if I interfere they will both quarrel with me, as sure as this is a world of fools. Evidently there's nothing for it but to stand on the brink and watch them sinking or swimming, as the case may be."

But such a philosophical course of action was hardly within the compass of one whose heart was softer than his head, and Heriot felt that there was a hope—a rather forlorn one, it was true, still a hope—that he might to some extent benefit, by means of speech, those whom he desired to serve. No one knew better than he did that the real source of their trouble lay in total dissimilarity of character, and that if it had not appeared in this direction, it would assuredly have done so, sooner or later, in that; but just as there are certain latent maladies which can only be arrested when they manifest themselves in a specific form, so it seemed possible that something might be done for this estranged couple by removing what was at all events the ostensible cause of their disagreement. Of course it was not certain that such a removal could be effected; but Lady St Austell, like many other selfish people, was extremely good-natured, and if it were represented to her that she was bringing a vast amount of unhappiness upon others, with very little prospect of counterbalancing advantage to herself, she would be quite as likely as not to give Adrian his *congé*, and appoint some more suitable young man to take his place.

So Heriot thought he would make the attempt. An attack of illness, which was the penalty that he invariably paid for fidgeting himself overmuch about any matter, prevented him from giving effect to his resolution for some days; but as soon as he was able to go out again he betook himself to Grosvenor Square, and arrived there, as it chanced, just after Adrian and Clare had escaped from the comfortless visit of ceremony described in the last chapter. Lady St. Austell's carriage was at the door; but after Heriot had been kept waiting a few minutes he was told that she would receive him, and she interrupted his apologies by declaring that she would much rather talk to him than go out for a drive.

"I am only thankful that you didn't come in five minutes ago," she said. "If you had, I should certainly have burst out laughing, and then I don't know what would have happened. I do wish people wouldn't have such foolish wives."

"Whose husband have you been qualifying to match his wife in that respect?" asked Heriot.

"Oh, nobody's. If that poor Mrs. Vidal only knew what a perfectly harmless, and, indeed, improving, thing platonic affection is, I am sure she would be a far happier woman."

"Not a doubt of it; but we must have patience with the dullness of humanity, and forgive those who are not yet educated up to our standard. So it is Mrs. Vidal who has been behaving foolishly?"

"I can't quite say that. No; she behaved wonderfully well, considering. She was very freezing, but she was not rude. I imagine, though, that she doesn't allow her husband even to pay calls without her, for I never saw any one look so utterly dumfoundered as he did when she was announced. Oddly enough, we had just been talking about her, and as I was telling him in a friendly way how idiotic it was of him to let himself be ridden over rough-shod by her, in she walked, accompanied by that grenadier of a woman who, I am told, scampers about the Cannibal Islands without any clothes on during the greater part of the year."

"Really, I think there must have been a trifling exaggeration about that report," said Heriot.

"Perhaps so; it doesn't much signify. She was quite clothed to-day, and I presume she was in her right mind; though why she should have planted herself before me, with her hands on her knees, and stared at me as if I were some new kind of savage, I don't know."

"Open-mouthed admiration," said Heriot. "It couldn't have been anything else, you know."

"Well, whatever it was, it was rather embarrassing. And I think these good people might understand that I am not so desperately eager to cultivate them, after all. Mr. Vidal is all very well, and I am always delighted to see him, but I don't know whether I was quite right in trying to take up his wife. I only did it out of pure benevolence, and I certainly never expected her to put on airs with me. It *is* just a little bit impertinent. Don't you think so yourself?"

"Oh, I shouldn't submit to it for a single moment," answered Heriot; "I can't think why you do. These Vidals evidently don't know their proper place, and ought to be put back into it without delay. The next time he comes, you had better give him to understand as much, and then he won't come any more."

Lady St. Austell sniffed meditatively at her gold-mounted bottle of smelling-salts. "H-m-m! But you see, I should miss him, poor fellow! He really is very nice."

"You don't say so! Has he actually succeeded in touching your heart, in spite of the inferiority of rank to which you are so alive?"

"Oh, that was you! *I* never said anything about their inferiority. No, I don't know that he has exactly touched my heart, as you call it, yet; but I fancy that if we saw more of each other we might perhaps arrive at—an understanding. But it is never any use to talk about things of this kind with you, because you have no more feeling than a stock or a stone."

"You will allow that I am capable of friendship, however," Heriot began.

But he was prevented from explaining what bearing this alleged capacity of his had upon the matter under discussion by the entrance of no less a person than Lord St. Austell himself. That Lord St. Austell should enter his wife's drawing-room before dinner was quite an event. He very seldom acted in that way without some special reason, and the moment that Lady St. Austell, who stood considerably in awe of him, saw the grin upon his features, she felt sure that he had come to torment her—as indeed he had.

"I trust I am not indiscreet," said he, peering into the semi-darkness which had now fallen upon the room. "Oh, it's only Mr. Heriot; I thought perhaps it might be somebody else. Mr. Heriot don't count, does he? He is something like me, out of the running. Ah, well! we shall all three be laid on the shelf soon—very soon."

"You don't generally behave as if you considered yourself shelved," retorted Lady St. Austell, out of whom innuendoes of this description never failed to get a rise. "It is a pity you didn't come in a little earlier. You would have seen that pretty Mrs. Vidal whom you admire so much."

"Then I'm very sorry I didn't come in a little earlier," responded his lordship. "I admire Mrs. Vidal immensely—almost as much as you admire her husband. But then I am so careful; I keep my admiration within bounds; I wouldn't compromise a lady for the world. Whereas you, I am afraid, really did rather compromise a lady—yourself, I mean—at Richmond the other day. Did I tell you what the Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Tugendheim said about you? She asked me whether what she had heard was true, and that you were very *emancipirt*. I wonder what she could have meant! Perhaps Mr. Heriot, who has been so much abroad, can enlighten us. I answered her Serene Highness that I really didn't know, but that I thought, if you had ever been afflicted in that way, you must have outgrown it. At what age does a woman generally cease to be *emancipirt*, Mr. Heriot?"

Heriot, who did not like Lord St. Austell, took no notice of the question; but Lady St. Austell, as her husband was very well aware, had a great dread of being looked upon coldly by high personages, and showed signs of uneasiness. "Some wretch must have been saying horrid things about me!" she exclaimed. "I can't think what you mean by my having compromised myself that day. I was particularly careful to do nothing of the kind."

"It seemed to me that you were," agreed her tormentor. "Didn't you break down a little toward the end of the day, though? It struck me that you became rather conspicuously invisible, and that your friend the author followed suit—all except his boots; I saw his boots."

"But that was after the Grand-Duchess had left."

"So it was, and of course that made a difference. Still, the wretches who tell tales remained. You can't escape the eyes of these malevolent gossips, even when you are out of sight; and the mischief of it is that they laugh at you. One doesn't mind being accused of wickedness, and one can stand being called *emancipirt*—especially if one doesn't know what it means. But to be sniggered at by Tom, Dick, and Harry is not pleasant. I really almost think I should throw the author over, if I were you."

That ironical tone always alarmed Lady St. Austell. "Do you wish me to drop Mr. Vidal?" she asked, quite humbly.

"I? Oh dear no! Pray don't mind me. Nothing delights me more than to see you amused and making the most of your time; and, as I was saying just now, we can none of us hope to remain young much longer. All I would venture to suggest to you, in your own interest, is that you should not take up with newspaper men. They're not to be trusted. Now here," continued Lord St. Austell, producing with evident relish the new number of the *Anglo-Saxon*—"here is a paper for which I believe your friend Mr. Vidal is partly responsible, and just see what he has the impudence to say about you."

Lady St. Austell took the paper and read the following paragraph, which formed one of a series of items headed "Social Scraps":

> "The evergreen wife of a well-known and highly respected sporting peer was made the subject of some rather severe strictures by one of the royal guests whom she had the honor of entertaining not long since. '*On devrait savoir vieillir*,' and other audible remarks to the like effect, can not have been very agreeable hearing for a lady who is popularly credited with having solved the problem of making the clock stand still."

"It isn't meant for me," gasped poor Lady St. Austell; "it's meant for Lady Glastonbury."

But her lord shook his head and grinned more than ever. He had come in for the express purpose of showing his wife this cruel paragraph, and the effect of it upon her was all that he had hoped it would be. "I fear," said he, "that there can't be any doubt as to who is meant. Lady Glastonbury, you know, is a widow, and the reference to myself is unmistakable. 'A well-known sporting peer'—I am certainly that; and I believe I may add that I am also highly respected. You, apparently, are not. You're only 'evergreen,' and some uncertainty seems to be felt as to the appropriateness of even that epithet. Too bad, upon my word, the way newspapers are conducted nowadays! I should have thought Mr. Pilkington would have been above publishing such scurrility; but nothing is sacred to a newspaper man. You have warmed a Vidal in your bosom (figuratively speaking), and he has rewarded you after the usual fashion of those reptiles. Well, I must be going now. Don't let this distress you. *Il n'y a que la vérité qui blesse*, you know, and of course these insinuations are palpably false."

And with that parting shot Lord St. Austell decamped gleefully.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The disposition of himself made by the Thalia Theatre Ghost during his horrible recital to Hamlet in the person of Herr Sonnenthal was new to New York play-goers, and at another time would hardly have escaped the comment of a critical and fearless gallery. At the time in question the Ghost, having allured Hamlet "to a more removed ground," bestowed himself behind a stage tree of such ill construction that it really should have been labelled in order to be easily understood, and told the story of his taking off through a hole which had been cut in this highly artificial piece of arborescence expressly for the occasion. Nothing of the Ghost was to be seen. The full glare of a calcium was thrown upon the hole, and the Ghost's address was made to seem the plaintive and harrowing recital of a brilliantly illuminated orifice. That the Ghost fulfilled his purposes without bringing down hilarious and scornful comment upon himself is testimony to the absorbing nature of the impressions which Herr Sonnenthal provoked.

The Bowdoin *Orient* issued twelve hundred copies of its Longfellow number.

The abbreviations in the following paragraph from the *Princetonian* impart to it a certain quick, not to say flippant, movement: "Pres. McCosh challenged Pres. Eliot to a debate on the religious departure at Harvard. Pres. Eliot has up to this date declined to accept the challenge."

The observatory dome at the University of Michigan will weigh ten tons, and be more than forty-five feet in diameter. It will be the largest in the world.

Several young men who attended a materialization *séance* in St. Louis found opportunity secretly to place a number of draughtsmen's tacks, points up, on the floor in front of the cabinet. A spirit, materialized in due time, stepped out of the cabinet in the darkness, screamed, and ran into the hall. "Its feet were studded with tacks," says a St. Louis newspaper. "It was in the hospital for a week, and its next appearance was in a small and distant town—Chicago."

The Amherst *Student* offers a prize of five dollars for the best original poem.

A sketch club, with a membership of twenty, has been formed at Princeton.

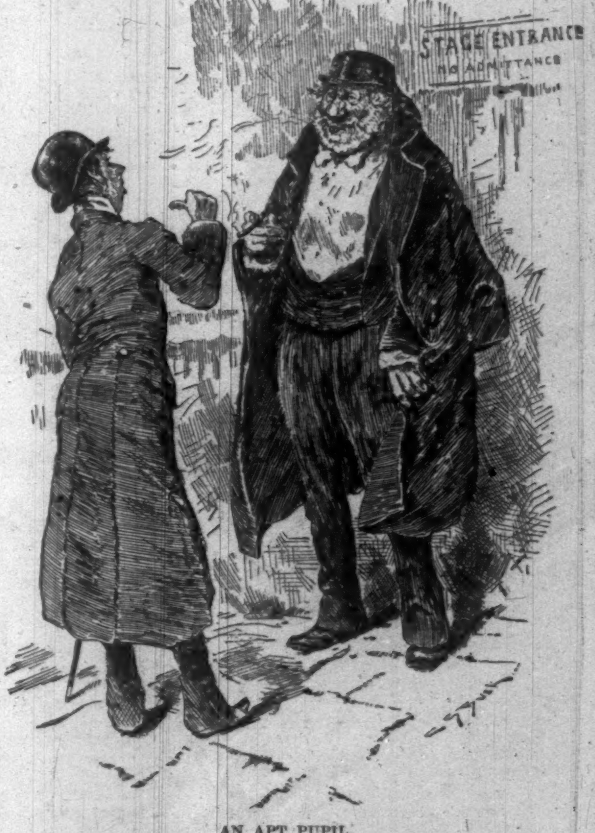
There is a great trade in Manchester cotton sheeting in China. The Chinese make their flags of it. They buy it in the white, and color it themselves. Their flags are about the size of ordinary bed blankets. Some are done in solid colors, but the favorite flag bears five or six stripes of red, white, and blue. The Chinese are fond of flags, and a camp is made gorgeous by these expansive cotton banners, one of which flies from the top of nearly every tent.

The Harvard *Crimson* objects to the shore uniform of the boat crew as an unnecessary expense. "The crews of ten or a dozen years ago," it says, "did not find it necessary to have shore uniforms bought for them. There was no talk of their *esprit de corps* being less because they could not have coats all made of the same piece of goods, or of their not being comfortable in their own summer suits."

The Oxford boat crew averages 174½ pounds, and the Cambridge crew 171¼ pounds.

There are 190 college papers in the United States, and none in Germany.

To a pork-butcher's shop in the Rue des Martyrs, according to the Paris *Morning News*, came a little street musician with his violin under his arm, who bought a knuckle of ham worth three francs; but when he came to pay he had no money. He said he had forgotten it; his mother wanted the ham immediately for luncheon, and he asked the shop-keeper to let him have the ham, and to keep the violin as a pledge that he would run home and bring back the three francs as fast as his legs would carry him. To this the shop-keeper assented; the fiddle was put on a shelf, and the boy trotted away. Shortly afterward a gentleman of distinguished appearance alighted from a landau in front of the butcher's door, and entering the shop, bought forty francs' worth of *pâté de foie gras*. As he was about to go out he espied the violin, asked to see it, remarked that it was a fine instrument, and offered one thousand francs for it. The astonished shop-keeper explained that it was not his to sell, but promised to obtain it if possible, and send it to the gentleman, who left the address of "Lord Russell, Grand Hotel." Soon after the departure of the gentleman the boy returned with the three francs. He was extremely loath to part with the fiddle, which had been his father's, but after he had run home again to obtain the consent of his mother, it was sold for seven hundred francs to the shop-keeper, who, dressing himself in his best, and going in a cab to the Grand Hotel, learned that no such person as "Lord Russell" was sojourning there.

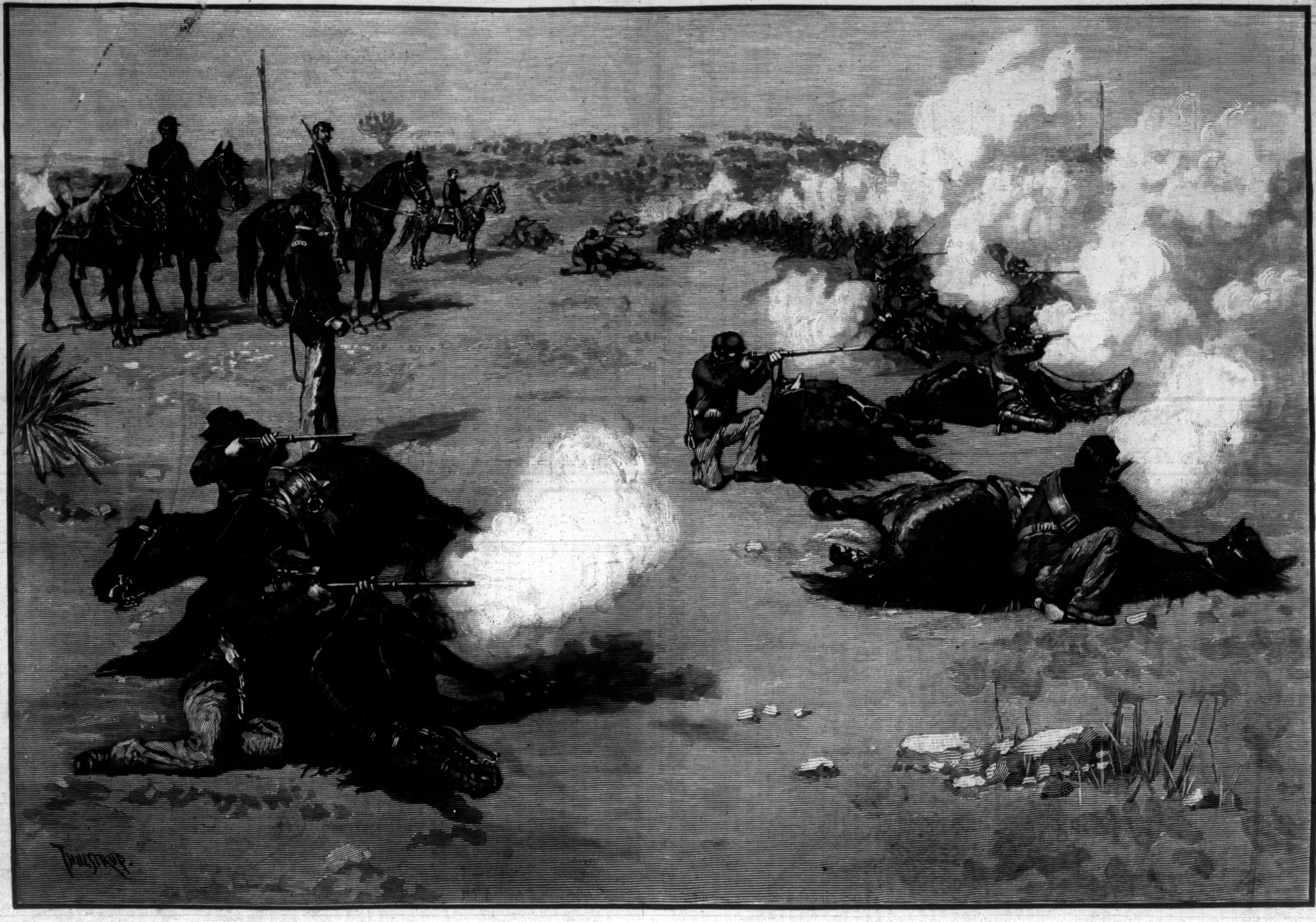


AN APT PUPIL.

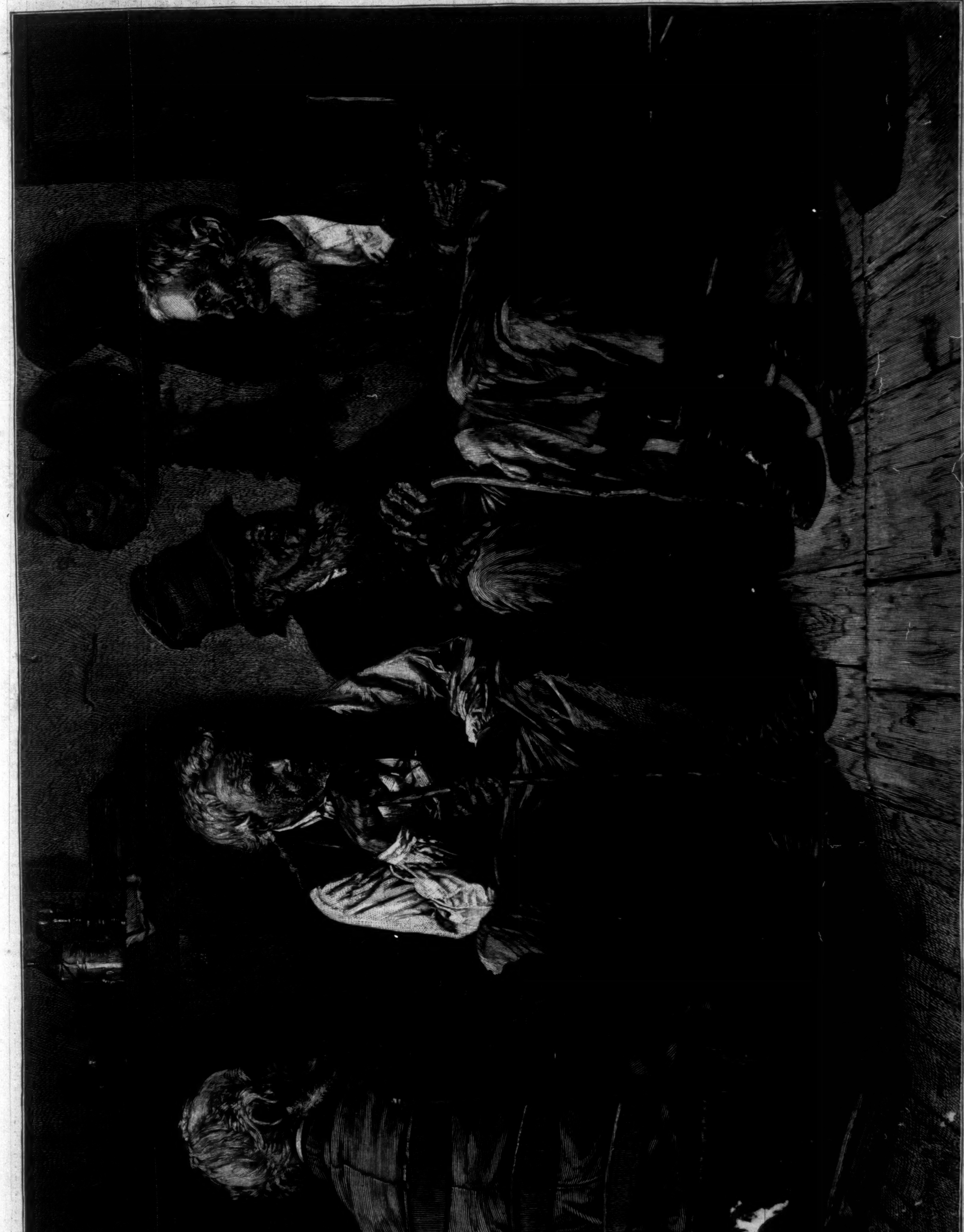
"Hello, Professor, what you doing out here? Thought you played the big drum in the orchestra."

"I does. Got four huntret unt ninety-nine bars rest. Come out for a leetle schmoke mit der fresh air."

"Better take in one more 'n' make it an even five hundred, hadn't we? It 'll keep up the rhythm, you know."



A NEW CAVALRY DRILL IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Photographs by Ch. Barthelmess & Co., Fort Bayard, New Mexico.—[See Page 218.]



"FOUR OF A KIND."—From a Painting by J. G. Brown.

"LITTLE LORD A."

PERCY CHALMERS was born in the South, where children grow too rapidly for their strength. At fourteen she was a sallow little thing, with large brown eyes and hair the color of her yellow skin. Her teachers despaired of her, she was so indifferent to her lessons, and this indifference was particularly aggravating, for her composition showed a bright and, what is more remarkable in women, an analytical mind. Occasionally she threw off this dreaminess, and stood at the head of her class. Then the old far-away expression would come back in the clear eyes, and she accomplished nothing for weeks. A clever elocution teacher said of her that "she was an Undine — she lacked a soul." Poor unconscious child! her soul was to be found in intense suffering.

Fairfax was a village nestled at the foot of a purple mountain. All at once it became popular for invalids. Learned treatises stated why the climate was uniform, the days sunny, and the nights free from dampness. A few consumptives came, and were benefited—chiefly because the houses were full of cracks, and the sweet fresh air rushed in, healing the poor hot-house lungs. In another year almost every cottage accommodated one or two invalids. Percy's aunt, Miss Chalmers, had a morbid horror of illness, and although her house was the most comfortable in town, she resisted all applications to let her rooms.

One morning a little negro came grinning to the parlor, every tooth in his head visible.

"Mornin', Miss May. A gen'l'man gim me a quarter to brung you dis note. Is you glad?" Miss Chalmers smiled. "Well, I don't know, Dan, that I'm glad; perhaps I ought to be. My notes from gentlemen are few and far between. Any news, Dan?"

"Mammy done had another baby last night, an' I cert'nly am tired nursin'. I wisht you'd take me an' let me stay here. I'd pick every weed fum de guyardin, ef 'twa'n't no bigger dan a fly."

This last speech was lost on Miss Chalmers, whose brow had clouded as she read the note. It ran:

"DEAR MISS CHALMERS,—You have lived so long away from your father's family that doubtless you have forgotten the existence of your cousins. I am Leighton, at your service. What I wish to do is to bring the full force of my kinship to bear, and persuade you to take me in. I looked at your curtained windows with longing eyes from the dreary hotel this morning. I am not really ill, suffering, so the medicos say, from nervous prostration. All I wish to do is to sit in the sun. Do take a homeless wanderer in, and oblige your friend and cousin, L. CHALMERS."

There was a positive wrinkle between Miss Chalmers's eyes. "This is really too bad. Wait, Dan, until I give you an answer."

"De gen'l'man say he gwine to come fur de answer hissef. Kin I stay an' pick de weeds?"

"Yes, you can stay. Why are you always so pleased to be here, Dan?"

"Well, Miss May, when I gits th'ough my work Miss Percy tells me de fines' stories what any nigger ever heard."

Just then a rap was audible on the front door, and as Dan went to the dining-room, a tall, handsome man entered the door. He advanced eagerly to Miss Chalmers. "Cousin Mary, I am so glad to see you again! The last time we met was at the Old Point, in Virginia. Do you remember what a happy summer we spent there, and what a bad boy I used to be?"

"I remember what a winning boy you were, and how Tom never refused you anything."

"And you are said to be like father, so, of course, I am coming here. What a restful, old-fashioned house!"

"Aunt Mary," called a sweet voice, "I have come home to lunch."

Percy stood in the doorway; a blush flushed her face when she saw the keen eyes of a stranger regarding her, and she made a little backward step. But Miss Chalmers had put out a detaining hand. "This is your cousin, Leighton Chalmers, Percy."

The girl was born with a natural composure, and she came forward and put out her hand, which her cousin lifted to his lips. She was sixteen. Next month ended school. With the first of June the invalid felt sufficiently recovered to wonder what he should do for amusement. He was a man of wide cultivation. His father had died when he was nineteen, leaving him a fortune, and he had gone abroad. In Paris he was known as the beautiful American. His figure was superb, with the slenderness and suppleness of a greyhound. His head looked like a Greek god come to life again; there was a proud curve to the beautiful lips, and a bright joyousness in the magnetic gray eyes that made him friends even before they heard his voice. And that was, after all, his chiefest charm. It was not an American voice; it had come to him through a Spanish mother. In it the strength of the North and the sweetness of the South were combined. Its tones were legion: it caressed, it persuaded, it beseeched, or thundered at will. No snake charming a dove was more successful than this man in his sieges with women; he stormed citadels that had stood like frozen ice through the fastest London seasons, and they fell.

Finally, his time came. The society papers announced that "Lady Mary Audley and her daughter are spending the winter in Paris with her sister, Mrs. Deseré." That afternoon Leighton Chalmers stopped to have a cup of English tea at Mrs. Deseré's and was conquered. Lady Audley was twenty-four, and looked sixteen. Her face had the happy unconsciousness of a woman who has never experienced any deep feeling. Her eyes were the purest, most intense blue, and her hair dim yellow; it framed a soft background for the wondrous eyes, and enhanced their brilliancy by its subdued color. She wore a brown gown and a great bunch of blush-roses that were the color of her cheeks. Her hands were not small, and there was a charming decision in the way she held her tea-cup, that the athletic young American noticed. "No weakness there," he said, in spite of the delicate complexion and fair hair. Presently the nurse brought in Lady Audley's child. She was not pretty, and although her mother kissed her kindly, this astute young man remarked to himself, "Maternity is not the strongest instinct with my lady."

Lord Anglesey Audley was one of the most popular men in the peerage, small and homely, with red hair, and ill-fitting clothes; he was known as one of the "best fellows in the world"—a man of enormous wealth, his purse and heart were open to every unfortunate that he met. All the artists in London called him "A." A passionate lover of music, he was almost a manager himself, and when an artist was in Venice he sought "A," borrowed money, wept on his bosom, and went away comforted. His little red head was seen at every "first night," and his usually quiet voice was heard crying Brava! bravi! half-way across the theatre. Women loved him too; they were never *in love* with him, but they recognized intuitively his goodness of heart, and felt that he was simply a full-grown, unprotected infant, not at all fitted to take care of himself. The large contralto with a body as big as her voice, when she left for Italy laden with every article that could be made of gold and turquoise, "compliments of Lord A.," almost smothered him in her caresses, called him *Non potro mai dimenticarmi di voi giacche la vostra imagine è scolpita sul meo cuore*, although her jealous Turk of a husband stood by. With his many friends, and his avowed Bohemian tastes, London had been astonished when, six years before, the morning papers announced his coming marriage with the beautiful Miss Paxton. The wedding took place in June, and although the club men had said, "She can not be in love with little A, you know," she looked a very happy bride; her face was not pale, and there were no traces of tears. And when her veil caught on a tack as they were leaving the church, and her husband stooped and unfastened the lace, she gave him a sweet and confidential smile. In short, as the months and years went by, and domestic peace reigned in the Audley mansion, the gossips were much disappointed. Lord A. was constantly seen at the opera, and Lady Audley's blonde head was ever by his side.

This was the attitude of husband and wife when Leighton Chalmers appeared on the scene. It took many patient moves before my little lady was interested. No brilliant intellect was hers; mentally and physically she was thoroughly commonplace and healthy. Her life was pleasant, her husband kind and unselfish, her child good-tempered and obedient. There was no sympathy lacking, no morbidness to which he could appeal, and for weeks Leighton despaired, although his infatuation took him back to London in quest of Lady Audley. Fate—a most unkind one for both — finally played into his hands. They were taking a horseback ride, when her horse took fright and made a sudden lurch, throwing her against a wall. He was by her side in a moment, but she was unconscious; he lifted her in his arms, showering passionate kisses on her full lips—kisses such as Lord A., in his gentle soul, had never dreamed of giving her. She awoke to life with his breath upon her face and his tender voice calling her his angel, his sweet, his love, and straightway a new feeling took possession of her; she feebly put him aside, but her recovered breath came in quick pants. Alas for Lord A.! They rode home in silence, and when his burning hand held hers a moment at parting, and he said, "I must see you to-morrow," she could not resist.

She saw him the next day, and the next. He implored her to fly with him, but she pleaded the future of her child and her affection for her husband; she begged him to go away; she might better have appealed to a storm-king. She grew pale and thin with the struggle; her beautiful eyes had purple rings about them, and the steady hands often trembled. The leader of the orchestra of her Majesty's Opera was dying with consumption, and Lord A. was much away from home, directing chorus rehearsals, and staying with his poor friend. His head was full of music, and he was composing an opera himself. He hummed tunes at dinner, and rushed back and forth to the piano, striking chords like a madman. He noticed that his wife was looking thin, and ordered horseback rides. "The open air, Nell, is what you need," and he would wave his hand as she started, and rush back to the piano, the violin, or whatever was nearest at hand. One day he opened a drawer in her private desk, thinking to find there a harp string, when an open letter faced him in Leighton's handwriting. It commenced:

"My own." It urged his wife's flying with him. It spoke of his love in the most unmeasured terms: "You are my soul, my conscience, my hope of immortality."

The harp string had fallen from his hand, and he was still sitting, his kind face drawn and white, when Lady Audley returned from her ride. Excitement had given her cheeks their lost freshness, and the dark blue habit heightened her blonde beauty; she might have passed for Helen of Troy. When she saw the open letter she gave a cry, but gathered herself up at once; she had been living so long in a lurid atmosphere that she was prepared for anything. She came quite near him, with her stony hand pressed close against her beating heart. "What will you do?" she said.

"I don't know, sweetheart," he replied, wearily. "Let me think."

A great sob came in her throat. "Oh, I have had wicked and bad thoughts; I have been tempted, sorely tempted, but I am *your* Nell still. I have done nothing wrong."

"Thank God for that!" he answered. "But, oh, my child, I think you have broken my heart."

She was crying now the bitterest tears of her life. If he had been angered, or threatened, she could have borne it, but she was unprepared for the old, gentle, protecting love. He put his hand on her bowed head, and went on in a monotonous, anguished voice:

"I left you too much alone, and you seemed to belong so entirely to me that I did not keep the wolves at bay as I should have done."

"Oh," she said, "what can I do to show my repentance?"

"We will not talk of that now," he added, in a sterner tone. "What is Mr. Chalmers's address?"

"Brooke Street," she said.

Her husband wrote rapidly for a moment, then rang the bell, and dispatched the note.

"I think it is best to have this matter settled at once. I will see Mr. Chalmers, and speak to him. You can be present if you like at the interview."

"I will be present," she answered, impulsively. A great fear possessed her at these men coming together.

Leighton Chalmers was feeling hopeful and contented when the ominous lines reached him. He was so handsome, so brilliant, and had been so much flattered, that he had become that most dangerous thing, "a law unto himself." He wanted Lady Audley; he loved her passionately and tenderly, and he must possess her. To-day she had almost consented to cross the ocean with him. He closed his eyes in delight at the picture he drew.

"A note and an answer, sir," roused him from his reverie. It was from Lord Audley.

"*To Leighton Chalmers:*

"SIR,—Will you meet me at my house at once, and oblige? AUDLEY.

"Tell the messenger that I will accompany him."

When he entered the drawing-room Lady Audley was still in her riding-habit, the rose he had plucked for her bosom lying crushed at her feet. Lord Audley turned upon him a face of scorn and loathing. "Be seated," he said, in a harsh voice. "Mr. Chalmers, I return to you this letter, which will be followed by others to-morrow. If this affair had gone any further, I should have shot you like a dog. As it stands now, I love my wife too much to expose her name to calumny, no matter how strong the inclination to bring you to summary justice; and, besides, I blame myself somewhat. I am a poor homely fellow, and must work harder for the love of my friends than a man like yourself. I am vain enough to believe, after all," he added, sadly, "that I can make Nell happier than you could have done, even if you had met her first. Our acquaintance is ended, sir. I bid you good-night." He left the room.

Those two were alone. It was a little thing, but they both recognized the nobleness of the act. He had said all he could to protect her, and now she must protect herself. His rival knew that when he attacked this man's honor death would follow. He could take his choice, death and a day's happiness with this superb creature, or life alone. They stood facing each other for a moment, but each was thinking of the sublime self-abnegation which they had witnessed, and both felt small and humble. She was the first to speak. "Will you go away?"

"I—I don't know. Oh, God, how I have loved you!"

"Don't," she said, and pointed upstairs; "my child is there. I heard my husband kneel by her little bed; he is praying for her mother."

He took his hat, and never attempted to touch her, but was gone out of her life forever.

This event gave color and shape to the future of Leighton Chalmers. He turned from women except for amusement, and devoted himself to journalism; he was a brilliant writer, with a genuine talent for historical sketches. A New York daily brought him back to America, and he soon found himself a greater lion than in Paris. He was invited to dine, to lunch, to breakfast, to balls and fandangoes of every description; finally, constant work, with a great deal of dissipation sandwiched between, brought him to a sudden halt. He wanted rest; therefore he took it. One of his theories, which he carried into practice, was that what he wanted was necessary. He said, "I will go away out of sight and sound of a newspaper, and exist until I am well again."

He had told no one of his determination, and his present experiment was indeed an Arcadian existence. When Percy decided to study French under his tuition, the mischief began. The long summers of the South make girls into women, who would still be rolling hoops among the snow-clad hills of New England. It was his voice that first touched her heart. Her ear was as sensitive to harmony and variation as the ear of a first violin. How the poor silly child drank in the music of those varied tones! What faith she had in him! What admiration! What adoration! Worldly as he was, there were times when she almost touched him, making him believe in himself.

But he belonged to the world; he could not take this awkward country child to New York among his critical acquaintances; and he was lusty and vigorous again, and must go. But even he had anticipated no such intensity of feeling on her part. He thought it best not to tell her until the morning of his departure. The child fainted dead away, and lay a limp, inert mass for many moments. When she recovered he was gone. Oh, the long days and bitter, wakeful nights, when every hour, every moment, and every word was gone over time and time again! Despite the learned treatises, and the healthfulness of the country, Miss Chalmers caught cold that winter, lingered until spring, and then died. Her only sister lived in London, and thither Percy went to make her future home. Mrs. Campbell, who was all fire and energy, did not at first know how to interest this pale, listless girl, but one day she discovered a wonderful voice. Signor Campobello was sent for and engaged. He was wild over this sympathetic mezzo-soprano, and whispered to Lord Audley that he should hear the bird before she left her nest.

Lord Audley's beautiful wife was dead, and it was hard to interest him in anything at this time. But one wistful look from those brown eyes that still carried a trace of her heart's deep hurt conquered him. Four happy years passed for both. She sang in drawing-rooms and concerts, and he was either her accompanist or her loudest applauder. She was no longer awkward and sallow, but a beautiful young woman, rosy and plump, and almost as great an enthusiast as Lord Audley. She had been brought up in a school where truth and goodness and modesty count beyond all else. So it was quite natural that years of intimate acquaintance made her heart gravitate toward Anglesey Audley. And when he asked her to become his wife she was a very happy woman, and loved him most truly and devotedly. About the time of their engagement and before it was made public, business called him to Wales. The next evening Percy Chalmers sang at a *musicale*. She was dressed in green tulle covered with water-lilies and dew-drops, her hair was a mass of glittering gold, and her bright eyes showed that she had found happiness and contentment. It was Leighton Chalmers's first appearance in London in several years. He sought out this wonderful creature, and straightway surrendered his heart.

He never dreamed of her not being free. For weeks his life was a blissful dream; he made all his plans for a domestic future; he bought odd bits of bric-à-brac and wonderful pictures; he looked confidentially at little houses; he already talked in the club like a Benedick. At last the time came to settle his fate, not to test it. Percy loved him four years ago; of course she loved him now. He found her alone in her aunt's cozy boudoir. A letter lay in her lap; her brown eyes were filled with a sweet and tender light. She looked at him and smiled, holding out her hand. He bent his head and kissed it.

"I am so glad to find you alone, darling," he said. "I love you."

The tone was both masterful and playful. She turned quite white, and looked surprised.

"Why, Leighton, I—I am engaged to be married."

His voice was hoarse and strident. "To whom?"

"Lord Audley."

"And do you love him?"

"With all my heart."

BESSIE PASCHAL WRIGHT.

A NEW CAVALRY DRILL.

IN this issue of the WEEKLY we present an illustration of a drill of portions of the Sixth Cavalry in the uninviting region around Fort Bayard, New Mexico. Its novel and interesting feature is that the men are engaged in firing over their horses, which lie flat on the ground. The high degree of training to which the animals must have been brought in order to docilely assume and maintain these positions is obvious.

The battalion which has been practiced in this exercise is the one commanded by Major A. K. ARNOLD, and consists of Troops C, G, L, and M of the Sixth Cavalry, commanded respectively by Captains MADDEN, TUPPER, OVERTON, and RAFFERTY. The four troops have each furnished from their stables about twenty-five horses trained to lie still while their riders fire over them, and many of the animals go down at once on being touched on the left leg. We have then a total of about a hundred horses in the battalion thoroughly broken to this novel exercise, and it is worth noting that this result is the work of only about three months, with two days in the week (Saturday and Sunday) excluded from drills, as well as the bad-weather days. It must be remembered, also, that the horses employed are not the best attainable for this sort of work. The mounts in our service are of two kinds—the American horses, generally used east of the Rocky Mountains, and the Mexican bronchos, west of them. Major ARNOLD's horses are all California bronchos, mostly aged at that, and while they are well suited to the rugged and arid soil of New Mexico, he believes that for the purposes of this particular drill young American horses would be better.

It may be suggested that the low hills at which the troops are aiming in our illustration do not return the fire, whereas were they alive with hostile Warm Spring Apaches, such as used to infest this region under VICTORIA and other chiefs, the horses might be decidedly more restless. But it is unquestionably a gain when our cavalry horses add to their more familiar qualities the one of dropping close to the earth at a word or a tap, continuing to lie low while battle rages over them. If the troopers fire mounted from the saddle, horses as well as men offer a greater target than when lying down. If they deploy, dismounted like infantry, with the horses led in the rear, the animals may still be under fire, and the men less protected. Dismounting deducts from the fighting line a percentage of the force for leading the animals, whereas in the drill we illustrate every man may be using his carbine; and each derives confidence from having his horse with him—at once his living parapet and his charger to remount for advance or retreat.

It has been found, also, that, apart from the question of its practical employment in battle, this new drill has excellent results in causing cavalrymen to make the acquaintance of their steeds. With our service, where there is a constant and very large influx of recruits, and where, also, the mounted arm plays the chief rôle, it is a great improvement to rapidly convert a distant and formal association of the riders and their horses into the confidence of familiar, shoulder-to-shoulder comradeship. "I feel enthusiastic," writes Major **Arnold**, "on the progress made, and must say that the effect upon the men has been to increase their efficiency as cavalry a hundred-fold since I inaugurated the experiment." And again, in an account given to Army Head-quarters at Washington, he notes that the men thus trained "have become courageous and confident in handling and riding their horses, thus increasing their proficiency as cavalrymen beyond expectation. Horses which were considered dangerous formerly now are gentle. When down they allow the men to climb over them, creep between their legs, and fondle them as if they were their greatest friends." Years ago, when, with the Hythe Musketry School and the competitions on Wimbledon Common, rifle practice became a mania among the British Volunteers, and thence spread to our country, one great result achieved was to introduce the infantryman to the weapon he carried, and to change his former reverential respect for it into a feeling of friendly familiarity. So the cavalry recruit improves fastest after his horse becomes the perfectly controllable instrument for his work.

The new cavalry practice at Fort Bayard will not claim a universal field of usefulness in actual campaigning, yet its value may be as undeniable as the evolutions of cavalry proper in sabre charges, or the more customary manœuvres of mounted infantry. This novel drill also seems to fall in with the enlargement of military training now sought in most countries. From various causes there is greater need everywhere of intelligent, self-reliant, individual action on the part of the soldier than in the days of machine-like masses of troops. The Soudan war has presented a series of hand-to-hand struggles, in spite of the expected efficiency of long-range arms of precision for keeping the enemy at a distance, while the horsemanship, the surprising agility, and the novel warlike devices of the Mahdi's troops have been frequently effective. Every new method and exercise which may increase individual efficiency in battle is to be encouraged. Cavalry in some European countries are exercised in whatever can bring rider and horse into perfect familiarity and harmony. Polo, contests at jumping ditches and fences, games in which the men, in old clothing and little of it, try to drag each other from the saddle, are among the amusements resorted to. The Russians have paid much attention in the last two years to forced cavalry marches from St. Petersburg to Novgorod, to Pskov, and other points, by picked and trained flying columns, so as to determine what can be relied on in the way of speed and of continuous effort by men and horses.

It may not be generally known that the proportion of cavalry to infantry is greater with us than in any European country. The ratio, in fact, is nearly three times as great as that of Germany or France, and more than four times as great as that of Italy or England. One reason for this unusual preponderance of our cavalry arm is, no doubt, that on the Western frontiers the enemy to be met is a mounted one. The Indian is a born horseman, and with his tough pony, his excellent marksmanship on horseback, and the capability of both rider and steed for going long distances on little food, he must be opposed by quickly moving troops. The relief from Indian hostilities with the gradual civilization of the red man will not destroy the relative importance of cavalry, since the great merit of rapidly transporting a fighting force to the scene of action will always belong to this arm. Indeed, one of the present military aims is to form a great cavalry school, rendezvous, and training ground for perfecting our mounted service, at Fort Riley. Should this be done, the new Fort Bayard drill may be taken up and developed there on a large scale.

THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.

Once more the "*America's* Cup" has been challenged by a British yacht, and this time with very much more chance of success than in any previous challenge, for the reason that the boat which is coming is one tried and proven as the best in the British fleets, while, having no one-masted vessel large enough to match against her, the New York Yacht Club has to build a yacht, and will have scant time to obtain her correct form by experiment.

An added advantage which the challenger has on this occasion is that he proposes two matches, sending over two yachts, the cutters *Genesta* and *Galatea*, and if this proposition be accepted, it will give the challenger two chances to the club's one; that is, the New York club must win two matches to retain the cup, while the challenger has but to win one out of two to capture it. Whether the challenger will be given this advantage is not yet determined, but the feeling at the club meeting, when the cable copy of the challenge was read, was decidedly in favor of giving it to him.

In order to offset this advantage, it is proposed to assent to the race with the *Galatea*, provided her owner will stipulate, in the event of her winning the match, to waive the six months' notice—as the club proposes in his favor to do—and at once accept challenge for the cup. This will make matters equal, and each party must win two races to possess the prize. Whether or not Lieutenant **Henn**, the owner of the *Galatea*, will assent to this, has not yet been learned.

The only club action thus far taken has been the appointment of a committee to take into consideration the challenges on behalf of the cutters *Genesta* and *Galatea*. The latter challenge was referred to the committee, mainly in consequence of a vigorous speech by Mr. **George L. Schuyler**, the only survivor of the party who took the *America* to England and won the challenge cup. Mr. **Schuyler** besought the club not to stand upon technicalities, but to waive the six months' notice to which it is entitled on the second challenge, and give the *Galatea* her race, if the club is fortunate enough to beat the *Genesta*.

Another chance which the challenger has of winning is that the system of measurement for time allowance which some two years ago was adopted by the New York Yacht Club is very favorable to the British cutter as against the American sloop. The former system of bulk measurement was an extremely fair one, and had been so proven on several occasions when at the annual regatta all the starters of either rig competed without reference to size for the **Bennett** challenge cup. On each occasion the difference in corrected time between the largest and the smallest vessel has been exceedingly small—the best proof in the world of the correctness of any system of measurement for time allowance, of which the object is to place all the starters as nearly as possible on an equality. With the introduction of the British cutter model came a difference of type, and to this difference, it was thought by the advocates of this type, the old rule would not apply fairly.

The present rule is accordingly based upon water-line length and sail area, and bears very hardly upon the broad and shallow centre-board sloop. The sloop, obtaining her power from her great beam, requires an enormous sail-spread to drive her to her maximum of speed, and this, by the rule, she is taxed for. The cutter, on account of her leanness, can not carry so large a spread of canvas, and her taxation from this source is therefore lighter. Clearly stated, length is the most potent factor of speed; and given two boats of the same water-line length, instead of sailing even, the sloop, by this rule, has to pay for all excess of canvas which she spreads over the cutter.

The challenger has all along been spoken of, and not the challengers, and for this reason, that really but one man challenges. Although each yacht has an owner, neither of these is the real challenger. Mr. **Beavor Webb** is a celebrated designer of cutters, and both the *Genesta* and the *Galatea* are from his design, and he is the only person thus far who has communicated with the New York Club.

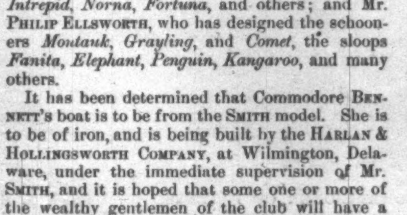
As soon as it became known that a boat must be built to race with the *Genesta*, plans of all descriptions poured in upon the club, some of them of the most extraordinary character. The designers of these did not appear to realize that the object to be aimed at was not so much to keep the cup as it was fairly to test the question as to which was the faster vessel, the ordinary racing cutter of Great Britain or the ordinary racing centre-board sloop of America. Anything outside of this, and in the nature of a mere racing machine, was not to be thought of for a moment.

The four largest sloops of the club, or, at any rate, the most speedy, are perhaps the equals of any cutter of their lengths; but it was felt that under the present system of measurement they would have little chance of winning, matched against a boat some twenty feet longer than they, and that to race with any prospect of success the club must have a boat of about the same water-line length as the *Genesta*, and with a considerable overhang. She must also be a boat of but moderate beam, so as not to require too much in the way of sail-power.

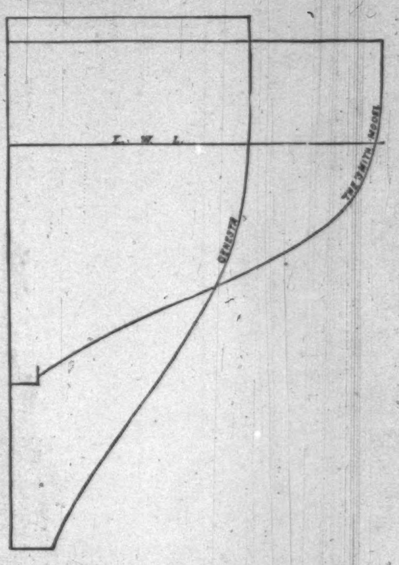
The two most successful designers of yachts at the present time have been Mr. **A. Cary Smith**, who has made the drawings for the sloops *Mischief*, *Madcap*, *Hesper*, and *Rover*, the schooners *Intrepid*, *Norna*, *Fortuna*, and others; and Mr. **Philip Ellsworth**, who has designed the schooners *Montauk*, *Grayling*, and *Comet*, the sloops *Fanita*, *Elephant*, *Penguin*, *Kangaroo*, and many others.

It has been determined that Commodore **Bennett**'s boat is to be from the **Smith** model. She is to be of iron, and is being built by the **Harlan & Hollingsworth Company**, at Wilmington, Delaware, under the immediate supervision of Mr. **Smith**, and it is hoped that some one or more of the wealthy gentlemen of the club will have a boat built from the **Ellsworth** plan.

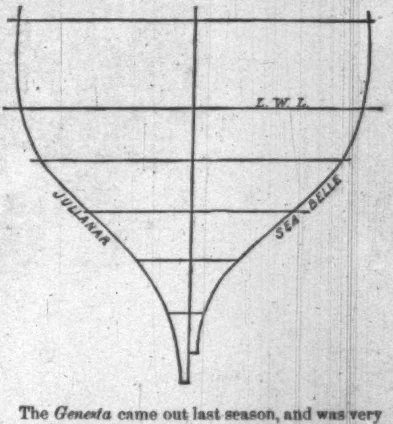
Mr. **Ellsworth** has made two designs. One of them is 86 feet on the water-line, 23 feet beam, and 10 feet deep; the other is 82 feet water-line, 23 feet beam, and 11 feet deep. The accompanying cut is very nearly an exact representation of the midship section of this latter boat.



The **Smith** model has less beam, and is not as deep; it is 85 feet water-line, 22 feet 5 inches beam, and 7 feet 9 inches draught. In order to show how extreme is the contrast between this boat and the *Genesta*, the exact midship sections of each of them are given together in the following cut.



The *Galatea*, as has been stated, is not yet launched, and the lines have not been obtainable, but the following exhibits the lines of two representative British boats, the section of the *Jullanar* being, it is said, very like that of the *Galatea*.



The *Genesta* came out last season, and was very successful, so that she may fairly be called the best racing cutter in British waters. Her dimensions are: length on load water-line, 81 feet; beam, 15 feet; depth, moulded (that is, with outside lead ballast), 11.75.

Besides the two American models above mentioned, Messrs. **Lawley & Son**, of Boston, have begun the construction of a centre-board sloop from a model by Messrs. **Burgess Brothers**. She is to be 93 feet over all, 80 feet water-line, 23 feet beam, 9 feet deep, and 8 feet draught. With board down, she will draw 18 feet. She is, it is reported, to be owned by Mr. **Charles J. Paine**, owner of the schooner *Halcyon*. In addition to these, General **Butler**, who at present owns the *America*, the original winner of the cup, proposes to put her in as a competitor either in her present rig as a schooner or altered to a sloop. She will without doubt be here for the trial races, which will be very interesting, as, in addition to the new yachts, the old boats *Fanny*, *Gracie*, and *Mischief* will compete for the honor of being selected as the champion.

The history of the *America's* Cup has been so often told that a detailed account is unnecessary. It was first won by the schooner *America*, at the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, Isle of Wight, August 22, 1851. The course was around the island, and the race was open to yachts of all nations, without regard to difference of tonnage, and she beat eight cutters and seven schooners. The result was a revolution in British ideas of model and canvas. Before the advent of the *America* it had been thought necessary to have the bows full in order to sail in the rough waters of the channels, and the fine, easy lines of the American schooner were something never known in yacht modelling. The prevailing idea as to canvas was that it must be loose and flowing in order to obtain its maximum power, while in this country the idea was to make the sails sit as flat as possible.

The cup became the absolute property of the owners of the *America*, who were Messrs. **J. C. Stevens**, **Edwin A. Stevins**, **Hamilton Wilkes**, **J. Beekman Finley**, and **George L. Schuyler**. They held it until July 8, 1857, when they placed it in trust with the New York Yacht Club as a perpetual international challenge cup.

The club held it unchallenged until 1870, the British yachtsmen meanwhile constantly improving the models and rig of their vessels. Mr. **James Ashbury** came first for it in the schooner *Cambria*, and sailed for it one race, over the New York Yacht Club course, against a large fleet, among which was the *America*—the original winner of the cup, which was then owned by the United States government. The race was won by the centre-board schooner *Magic*.

Next year Mr. **Ashbury** challenged again with the schooner *Livonia*, a new vessel built on purpose for the race. Meanwhile a question as to the meaning of the word "match" having arisen, Mr. **Schuyler**, to whom it was referred, said the donors of the cup intended the contest for the cup to be a race between two boats only, and accordingly only one vessel at a time sailed against the *Livonia*. She was given a series of seven races, half outside. Five of them were sailed, she winning but one, and that by the *Columbia*, against which she sailed, breaking her steering gear.

The next challenge was from the Canadian schooner *Countess of Dufferin*, and the races were sailed August 11 and 12, 1876, the schooner *Madeleine* beating her with all ease.

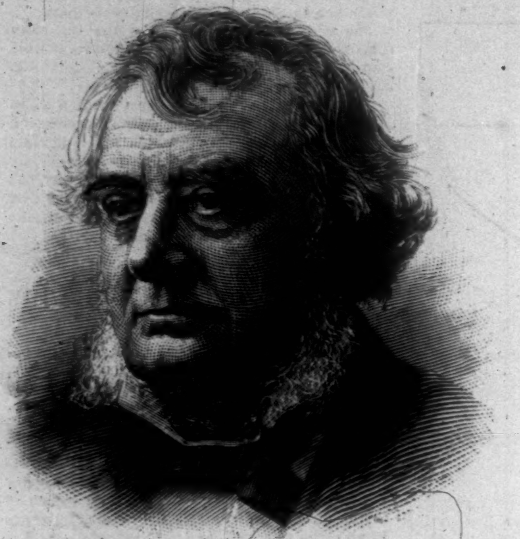
The last challenge was by the Canadian sloop *Atalanta*, and the races were sailed November 8 and 10, 1881, the *Mischief*, which sailed against the Canadian, having practically a sail over alone. Hitherto the club has had things its own way, but in the contests now to ensue it will for the first time meet an equal, and, whichever side wins, the contest is certain to be a very close one.

TROUTING AT THE SOUTH SIDE CLUB.

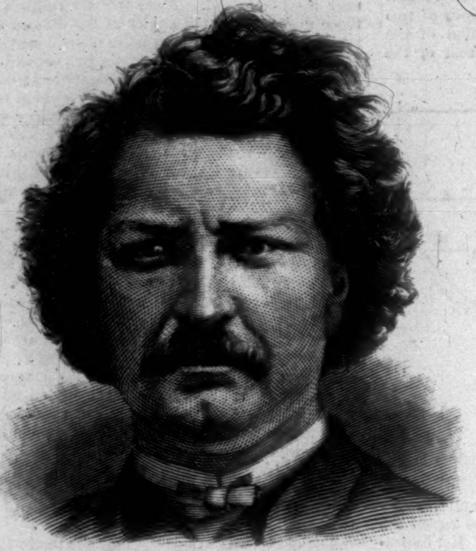
Who the first discoverer of trout on Long Island was has not been handed down to posterity, it is not on the records, and therefore it is safe to assert that it must have been a **Snedecor**. From early in this century the names **Snedecor** and trout have been synonymous. Over fifty years ago, when Long Island first experienced the visitation of New York anglers, they found the country to the eastward of Hempstead mainly occupied by **Snedecors** and trout, and while the fish have put in no claim to have found the **Snedecors**, there is proof at hand that old **Liff Snedecor** kept his weather eye continually on the trout in the pond near his homestead. There was no railroad in those days to land the angler at the door of his preserve, nor were the fifty miles of road between South Ferry and **Liff Snedecor**'s, just beyond Islip, speedily traversed, but when the anglers wheeled round the old chestnut mile-post—which venerable land-mark, crowned by creeping vines, still remains, and signifies the primitive survey of the island's main roadway—the tired fishermen knew they had reached a cozy haven of rest, where good living and admirable sport awaited them. **Liff Snedecor**'s house was but a small one-story building by the side of an old mill-pond. Part of the old mill still remains. To the mill-flume in the spring monster trout, fresh from sumptuous shrimp dinners in the salty bay, would resort to sup on the minute crustacea found at the base of the old mill among the water-cresses which coquetted with the narrow current. Trout-preserving was unknown at that time, and the fish were in ichthyic ignorance of what chopped liver meant. But the sands of time have brought about many changes. Old **Liff Snedecor** and others of his line have long since been gathered to their fathers. The old mill-wheel has crumbled away and floated piecemeal to the sea, and the public can no longer whip the waters of this great natural home of the trout as of yore.

The old **Snedecor** farm is now the property of the South Side Sportsman's Club, and **Snedecor**'s house is but the small parlor in the east wing of the now large and rambling edifice. The club is some quarter of a century old. Originally a small organization, it has grown to control a limited membership of one hundred gentlemen, all more or less prominent in sporting and social circles. The farm, which formerly consisted of less than two hundred acres, has been increased so that the club to-day enjoys a territory of 2300 acres. Adjoining the club's property are the estates of several wealthy members. Mr. **George Lorillard** owns 1100 acres (including the old **Maitland** farm), Mr. **W. K. Vanderbilt** 700 acres, and Mr. **C. R. Roberts** 1400 acres; in all 5500 acres. All these lands are most strictly preserved. To the east of the club-house is the main pond; it is only fished from boats. The trout are large and very vigorous, and afford excellent play. The landing on this pond is prettily illustrated in an accompanying sketch.

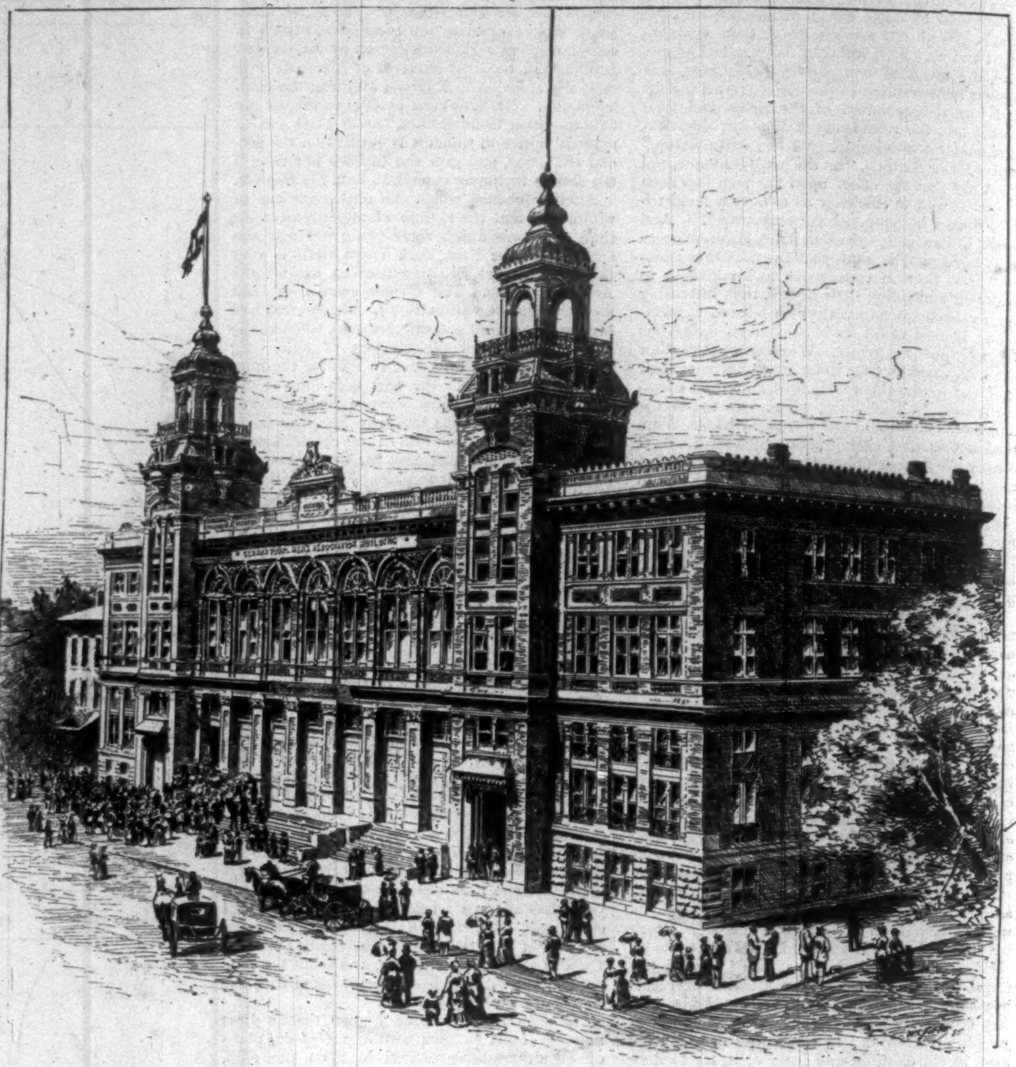
The property of the club is admirably adapted for both a fish and game preserve. The land is covered by a growth of scrub oak, pine, white birch, and maple, and in the season wild fowl, woodcock, ruffed grouse, and quail are quite plentiful. It is the fish department, however, which has added so much to the latter-day glory of the club which is by far the most successful fish-cultural organization in America. Under the admirable management of Mr. **Roland Redmond**, the club's present president, not only have the ponds and streams been kept well supplied with fish, but the club has been enabled during Mr. **Redmond**'s *régime* to market annually nearly $5000 worth of fish. About a mile to the north-east of the club-house on East Brook "the Nursery" and hatching houses are located. In the main hatchery, which is a building about forty feet in length by fifteen feet in width, the fish are propagated. Of late years attention has not only been paid to the culture of the common brook trout, but to that of the Kennebec salmon, land-locked salmon, and California trout. The club's success in rearing the last-named fish has been unprecedented. In its new home the Pacific sloper has been found to attain an unusually large size, and as a fish of sport to compare favorably with the native trout. Below the hatching house the East Brook winds its way to the bay, while by its side for some distance are the tanks in which the various sizes of fish are matured, when the fish are taken to the preserve on the Connectiquot River which is the feeder of the main pond. This preserve is called "The Screen," and is a model in its way of the modern system of preserving by means of a series of independent sluice-way boxes. From this point for over half a mile down-stream there is a splendid stretch of wading and fishing in the Connectiquot. Bait-fishing is prohibited generally, but allowed in the stream south of the new road bridge and in the East Pond and stream below it. Altogether the South Side Club and its well-stocked waters make it the most charming spot for the lovers of sport to pass a pleasant and retired holiday from business.



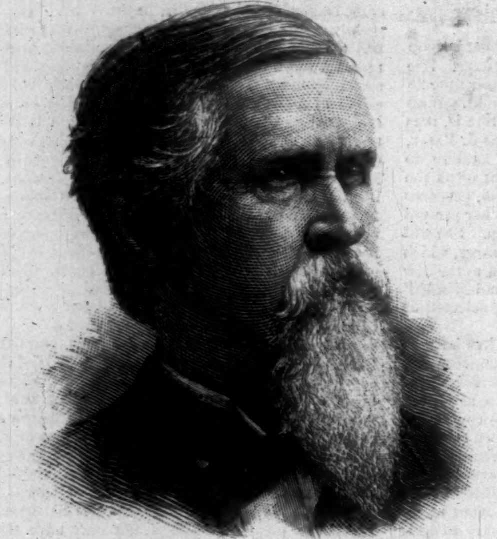
FREDERICK S. WINSTON, LATE PRESIDENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 222.]



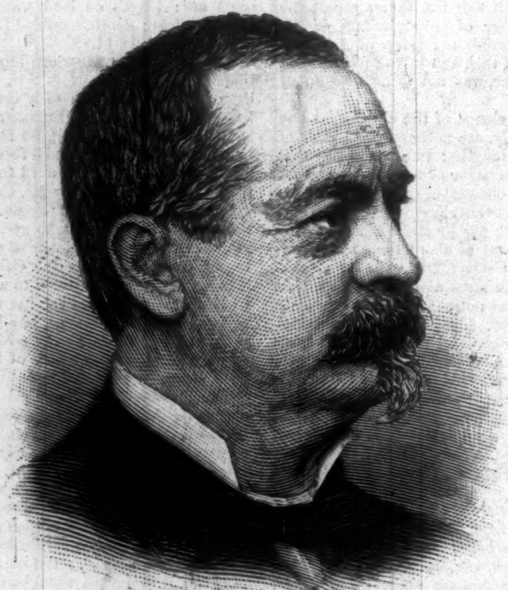
LOUIS RIEL, LEADER OF THE REBELLION IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.—PHOTO. BY C. A. ZIMMAMAN, ST. PAUL.—[SEE PAGE 222.]



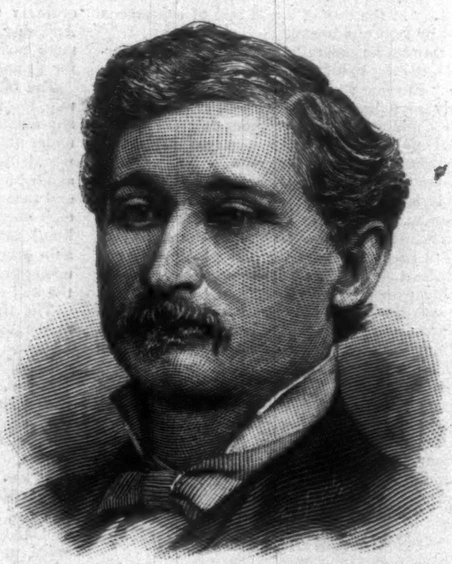
THE BUFFALO MUSIC HALL, BURNED MARCH 25.—[SEE PAGE 222.]



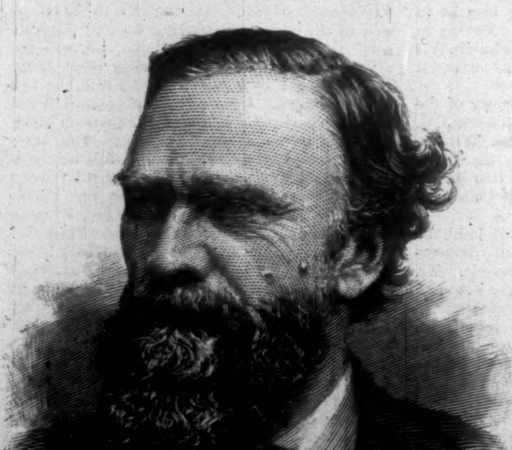
JAMES D. PORTER, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS. PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 222.]



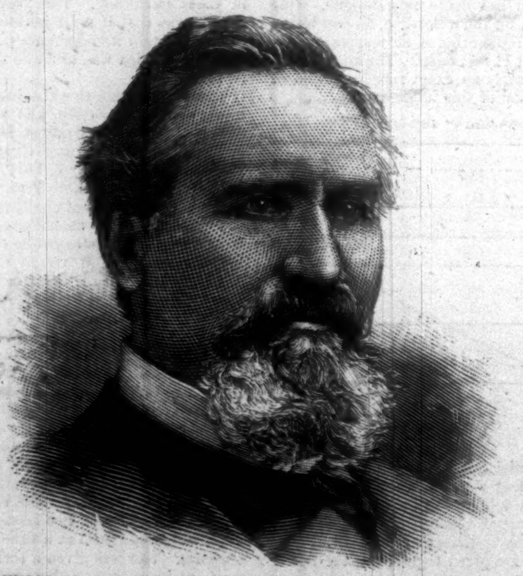
MARTIN V. MONTGOMERY, COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS. PHOTO. BY CASSEY & WHITNEY, LANSING, MICHIGAN.—[SEE PAGE 222.]



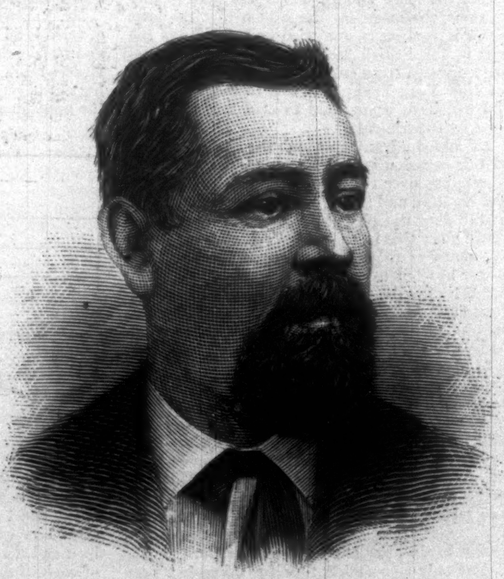
HENRY L. MULDROW, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.—PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 222.]



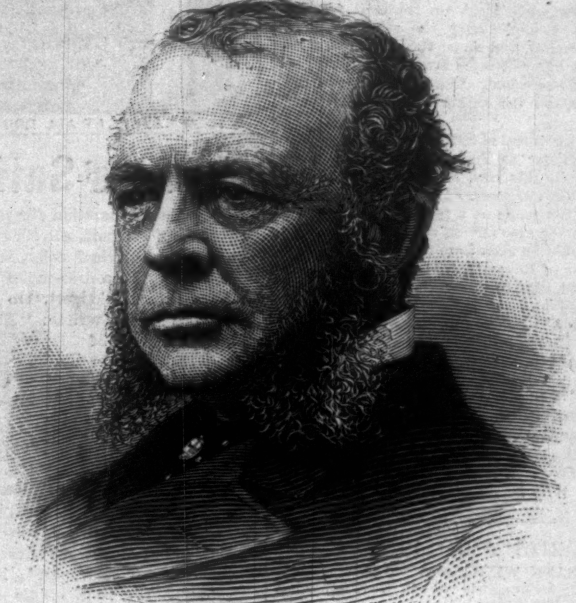
JOHN D. C. ATKINS, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS. PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 222.]



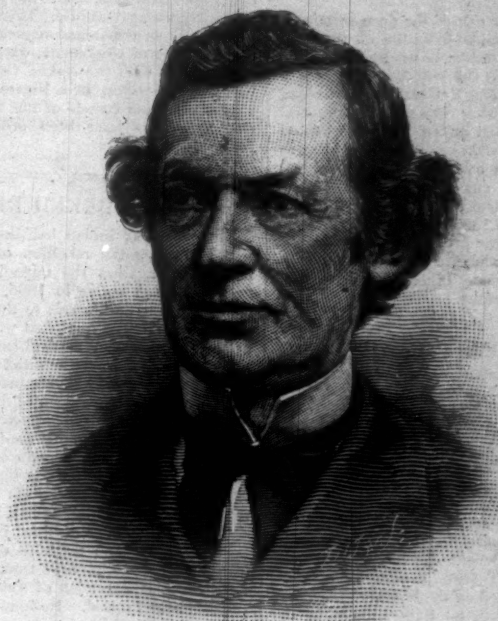
WILLIAM A. J. SPARKS, COMMISSIONER OF GENERAL LAND OFFICE.—PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 222.]



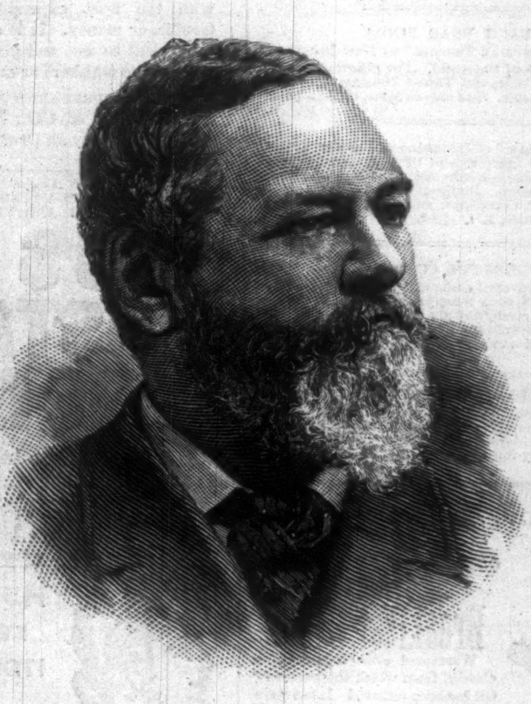
JUSTO RUFINO BARRIOS. [SEE PAGE 222.]



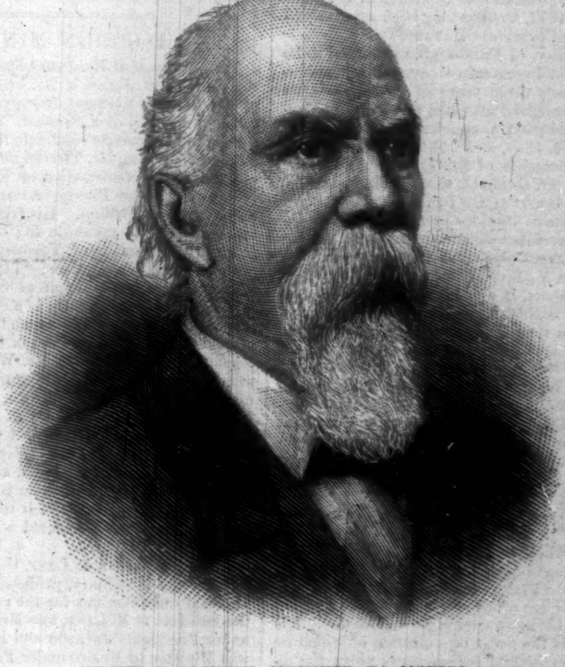
EDWARD J. PHELPS, MINISTER TO GREAT BRITAIN.
Photographed by Pach Brothers, New York.—[See Page 222.]



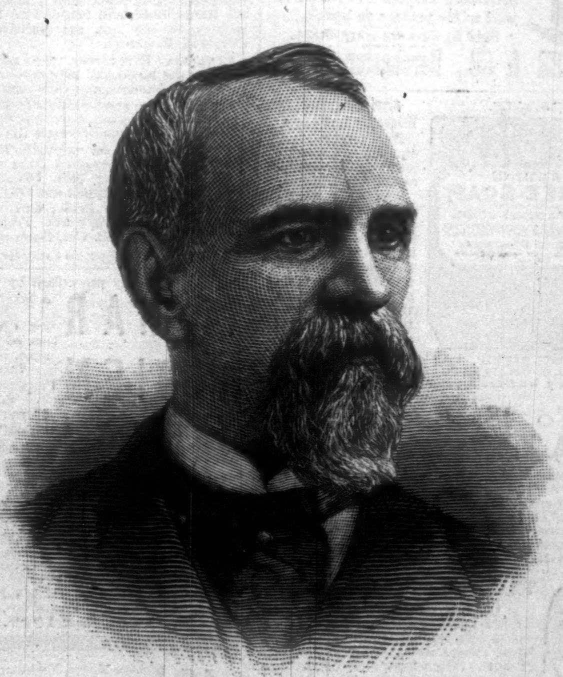
ROBERT M. McLANE, MINISTER TO FRANCE.
Photographed by Daniel Bendann, Baltimore.—[See Page 222.]



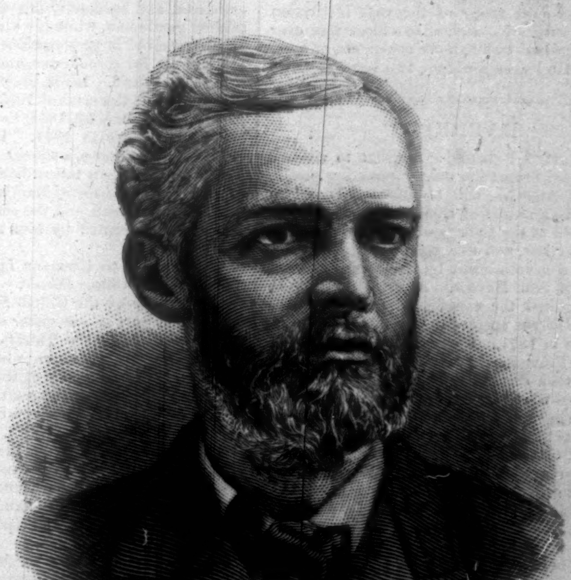
GEORGE H. PENDLETON, MINISTER TO GERMANY.
Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington.—[See Page 222.]



HENRY R. JACKSON, MINISTER TO MEXICO.
Photographed by O. P. Havens, Savannah.—[See Page 222.]



SAMUEL S. COX, MINISTER TO TURKEY.
Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington.—[See Page 222.]



MALCOLM HAY, FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington.—[See Page 222.]

A GREAT MUSIC HALL BURNED.

A defective burner caused the drop curtain of the Buffalo Music Hall to take fire on the 25th of March, as a stage hand was lighting a gas jet, and in a few minutes the noble building was a furnace of flames. The McCaull opera troupe, of this city, were dressing for a performance, and escaped with the utmost difficulty, leaving behind almost their entire wardrobe. The structure was finished in 1883, at a cost of $175,000, and had a seating capacity of more than 5000. The late Dr. Damrosch, who conducted the great National Saengerfest there in 1882, said that the Buffalo Music Hall had acoustic properties of an unusual order, and was better adapted to the demands of such a festival than any other building he had seen in the United States.

NEW BUREAU OFFICERS.

Henry Lewis Muldrow, the new Assistant Secretary of the Interior, is a native of Mississippi, a lawyer, and an ex-soldier of the war, where his rank was that of Colonel of Cavalry. For several terms he has been a member of Congress, and recently he was chairman of the Committee on Private Land Claims, and member of the Committee on the District of Columbia.

William A. J. Sparks, of Illinois, the new Commissioner of the General Land-Office, is a native of Indiana, and a lawyer. He has been a State Senator, and for six years a member of Congress, where he served on the Military Committee and on the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department.

John D. C. Atkins, the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is a native of Tennessee, a lawyer, and an ex-Confederate soldier. He served in the Senate of his State, and for several terms in Congress, and recently has been a farmer in Paris, Tennessee.

James D. Porter, the new Assistant Secretary of State, is a native of Tennessee, and the President of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railroad. He was elected Governor of his State in 1875 and 1877, and has long been a warm personal friend of Secretary Bayard.

Malcolm Hay, of Pittsburgh, nominated to be First Assistant Postmaster-General, is a successful lawyer, forty-three years of age. He is an active Democrat, and attended the National Conventions of his party as a delegate from Pennsylvania in 1876, 1880, and 1884, as the advocate on the first occasion of Mr. Tilden, and on the latter two of Mr. Randall, to whose influence his appointment is ascribed. In the last Convention he was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and is credited with having secured the defeat of the "tariff plank."

Mr. Martin V. Montgomery, the new Commissioner of Patents, is a well-known legal light of the State of Michigan, and has practiced law at Lansing for a number of years. His knowledge of railway statutes is large, and he has served with success the interests of some of the leading roads of the West. For two years he was a member of the Michigan Legislature. It is understood that his appointment was made directly at Mr. Cleveland's instance. He is a man of unblemished reputation. His age is about forty-five.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON.

Frederick S. Winston, President of the Mutual Life-insurance Company, who died at Fernandina, Florida, on the 27th of March, of a stroke of paralysis, at the age of seventy-nine, was one of the best-known business men in New York city. His monument is the great organization of which he was the founder and for so many years the director. His qualities were those that compel success.

Mr. Winston had gone to Florida on his usual spring trip, not for his health, which was excellent, but for needed rest, made imperative by his habit of dealing with the details not less than with the general scope of the vast institution under his care. No executive officer was ever more prompt in decision, more courteous, or more beloved. He leaves a widow, two sons, and two daughters.

BARRIOS.

Justo Rufino Barrios, at present to citizens of the United States the most interesting person in Central America, will be fifty years old in July, and is a native of Guatemala. He graduated in 1862 at the College of Guatemala, taking a degree in law, and five years later began his career as a revolutionist by the capture of the barracks of San Marcos. After four years of fighting against the constituted authorities, the forces of Barrios entered the Guatemalan capital in triumph in 1871. General Garcia Granados was made Provisional President, and Barrios for his share took command of the western departments, from which he proceeded to hunt the Jesuits. Having put down in two battles a "reactionary rebellion," he became in 1872 the virtual dictator of Guatemala. In the following year he was regularly elected President of the republic, in 1876 his term was prolonged to four additional years, and in 1880 he was re-elected for six years.

His ambitions have been by no means confined to his own country, and his purpose for many years has been to combine all the Central American states under his own leadership, and to become the Bismarck of an isthmian empire. Aided by the most effective army that Central America contains, he has gone so far toward accomplishing this object that on March 7 he formally announced to the government of the United States that he had, with the approval of the Assembly, assumed the title of Supreme Military Chief, and at the same time the governments of Nicaragua, San Salvador, and Costa Rica, which, with Honduras and Guatemala, are to constitute the new empire of his dream, asked the protection of the United States against him. In concert with Mexico, which has dispatched an army of 15,000 men to the border of Guatemala, our government has taken action with the special view of protecting its possible interest in a Nicaraguan canal, and all the available vessels of the Atlantic and Pacific squadrons have been ordered to Central American waters.

THE HALF-BREED REBELLION.

The notorious Indian half-breed Louis Riel, who is leading the rebellion of the Northwest half-breeds against the Canadian government, first came into notice in 1865, in the effort of the Red River half-breeds to throw off the yoke of the Dominion—efforts that were speedily suppressed by Colonel Wolseley (now General Lord Wolseley), who drove the disaffected people into Montana. A reward having been offered for his head, Riel became a citizen of the United States; but subsequently, in consequence of promises of protection, returned to his people, and resumed his leadership. He is a man of strong natural parts, has been educated for the priesthood, and is imbued with a sense of what he believes to be the wrongs suffered by the half-breeds.

The first shedding of blood in the present rebellion occurred on the 27th of March. Major Crozier, with one hundred troops, left Fort Carlton to regain possession of some supplies which the rebels had seized. He found the half-breeds in a strong position, numbering over two hundred. They fired a volley, and the Major was compelled to retreat, with a loss of twelve killed and eleven wounded, showing much skill on their part with the rifle. Their own loss is unknown. The city of Winnipeg was in intense excitement over the news. Riel is reported to have six American cannon and fifteen hundred men. His past career shows him to be capable of leadership, and full of determination, and his suppression threatens to be no easy task.

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS.

The successor of Mr. James Russell Lowell at the court of St. James is Mr. Edward J. Phelps, of Burlington, Vermont, a lawyer in the front rank, and a son of a Senator. Though several times the Democratic candidate for the Governorship of his State, Mr. Phelps never held public office until his confirmation as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Great Britain. His friends speak of his appointment as eminently fit; one of them, ex-Governor Holbrook, of Vermont, a stanch Republican, said to a reporter: "I think it is as good a Democratic appointment as could have been made in this country. He is a courteous gentleman of unquestioned ability and integrity, and a pleasing orator." Mr. Phelps bears a striking personal resemblance to Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. His manner is dignified and urbane, his conversation abounds in wit, and his aptitude for social duties at the court of St. James is perfect. His lectures for the last two years before the law students of Yale College have been received with unusual attention, and no instructor connected with the institution is more popular or respected. He will do much toward preserving the fine traditions associated with the scholarly and cultivated Lowell.

Robert Milligan McLane, the new Minister to France, has hereditary, professional, and strong personal qualifications for the post. His father, the late Lewis McLane, was Minister to England under Presidents Jackson and Polk; he himself was Minister to Mexico under President Buchanan, and Commissioner to China under President Pierce; and his knowledge of French is almost equal to his knowledge of English. The Administration could scarcely have made a more suitable selection; for, in addition to all his other claims to consideration, Mr. McLane is an experienced and successful lawyer and an accomplished gentleman, while his knowledge of public affairs received large accessions from his election to Congress for three terms, and to the Governorship of Maryland. He is, besides, a graduate of West Point of the class of 1837. Born in Smyrna, Delaware, June 23, 1815, he began to practice law in Baltimore in 1844. He has iron-gray hair, an aquiline nose, a smooth face, and a slight figure of more than the ordinary height. Governor McLane's name in Maryland has long been one to conjure with, and the country is fortunate in being represented by him in the republic of France.

The mission to Germany falls to George H. Pendleton, of Ohio. His six years' term of service as Senator of the United States has just expired; and he was a member of the Thirty-fifth, the Thirty-sixth, the Thirty-seventh, and the Thirty-eighth Congresses, where his influence upon the financial policy of the country was potent and at times paramount. He is, besides, honorably and conspicuously identified with the cause of civil service reform. In 1864 he ran for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with General McClellan, and five years later was elected to the presidency of the Kentucky Central Railroad Company. He is an erudite lawyer, a successful man of affairs, and a polished gentleman. His age is sixty.

The new Minister to Mexico, Henry Rootes Jackson, has already represented his country at the court of Vienna, and is thoroughly at home in the methods and the details of the diplomatic service. Like Mr. McLane, he is a Southerner. He went from Georgia to Yale College, which graduated him in 1839, and he was the Colonel of a Georgia regiment in the Mexican war; so that, as again in the case of Mr. McLane, his career furnishes abundant proof of ability to discharge with distinction the special duties to which the President has called him, and constitutes at once an explanation and a justification of Mr. Cleveland's ideas on the civil service. Mr. Jackson fought during the rebellion as a Brigadier-General, and since the termination of that conflict has cultivated law and literature in comparative retirement, although a leader of the Georgia bar, and the author of several striking poems.

The announcement of Samuel S. Cox's appointment as Minister to Turkey was received with satisfaction in this city, which he has so long represented in Congress. His friends here are legion, and his name at a political meeting is a tried target for cheers. It seems strange that Mr. Cox should be elsewhere than in his old seat in the House of Representatives, although an activity beyond that of legislation is attested by his published works of travels. He too has had some diplomatic experience, having been Secretary of the United States Legation to Peru. He has practiced law, has owned and edited an Ohio newspaper, and has been a delegate to several Democratic National Conventions. He writes and speaks with the utmost fluency, and there is no more popular public servant. Mr. Cox's best-known books are *The Buckeye Abroad*, *Eight Years in Congress*, *A Search for Winter Sunbeams*, and *Why we Laugh*.

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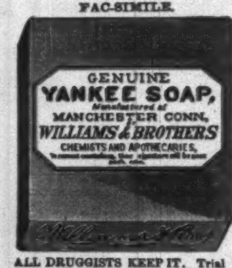

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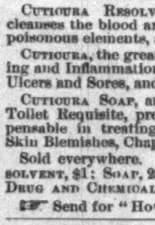

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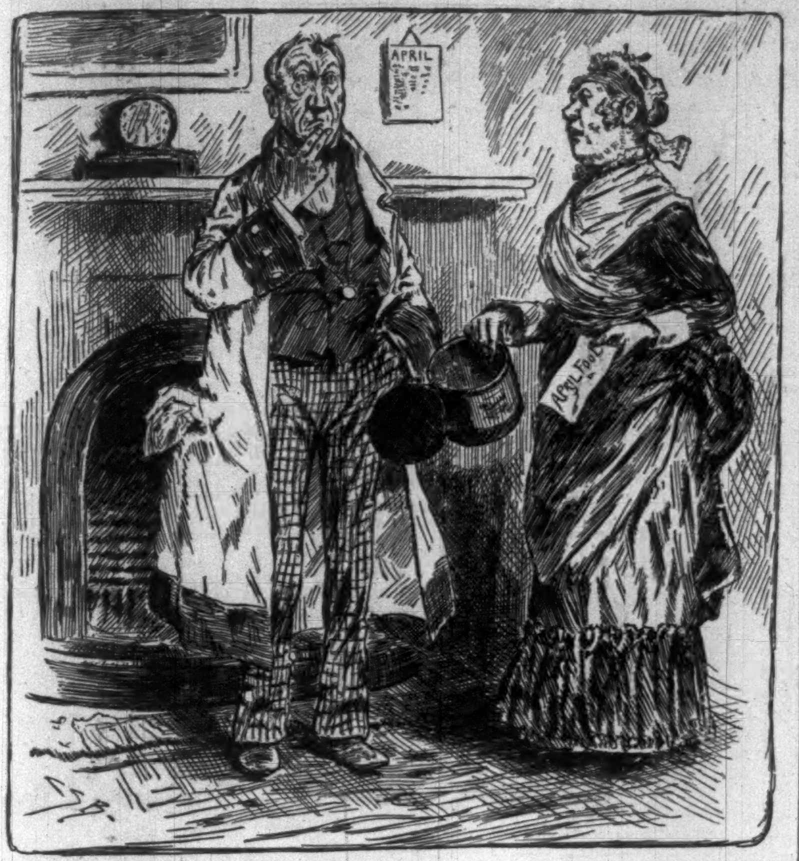

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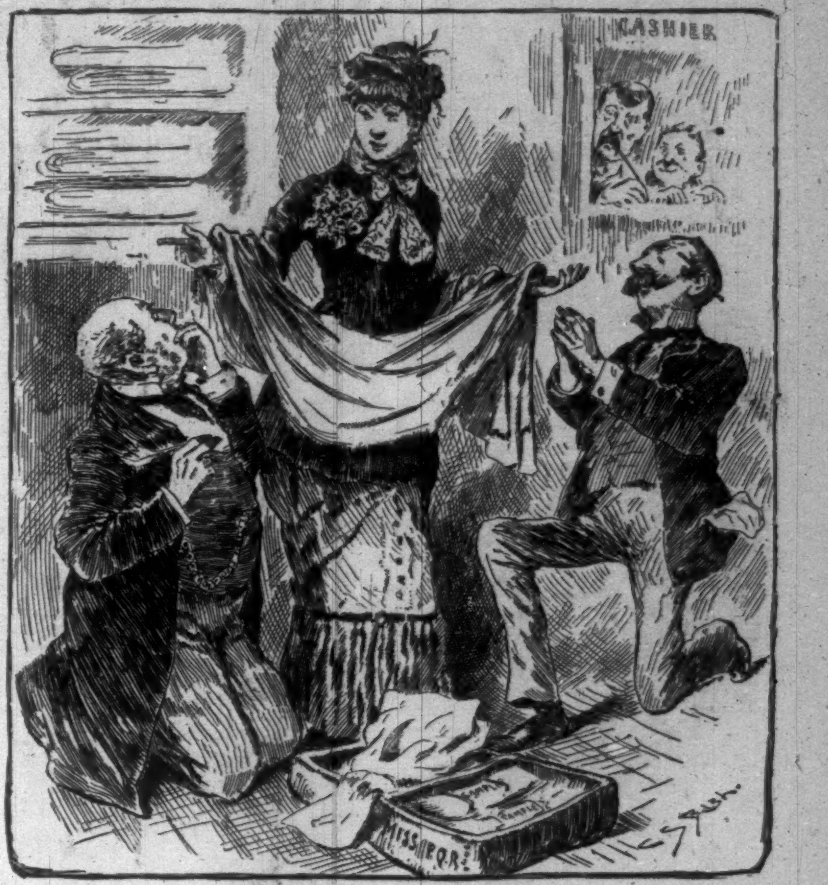

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